JOHN BULL, JULY 6, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1203.
Vol. XLVI.

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SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

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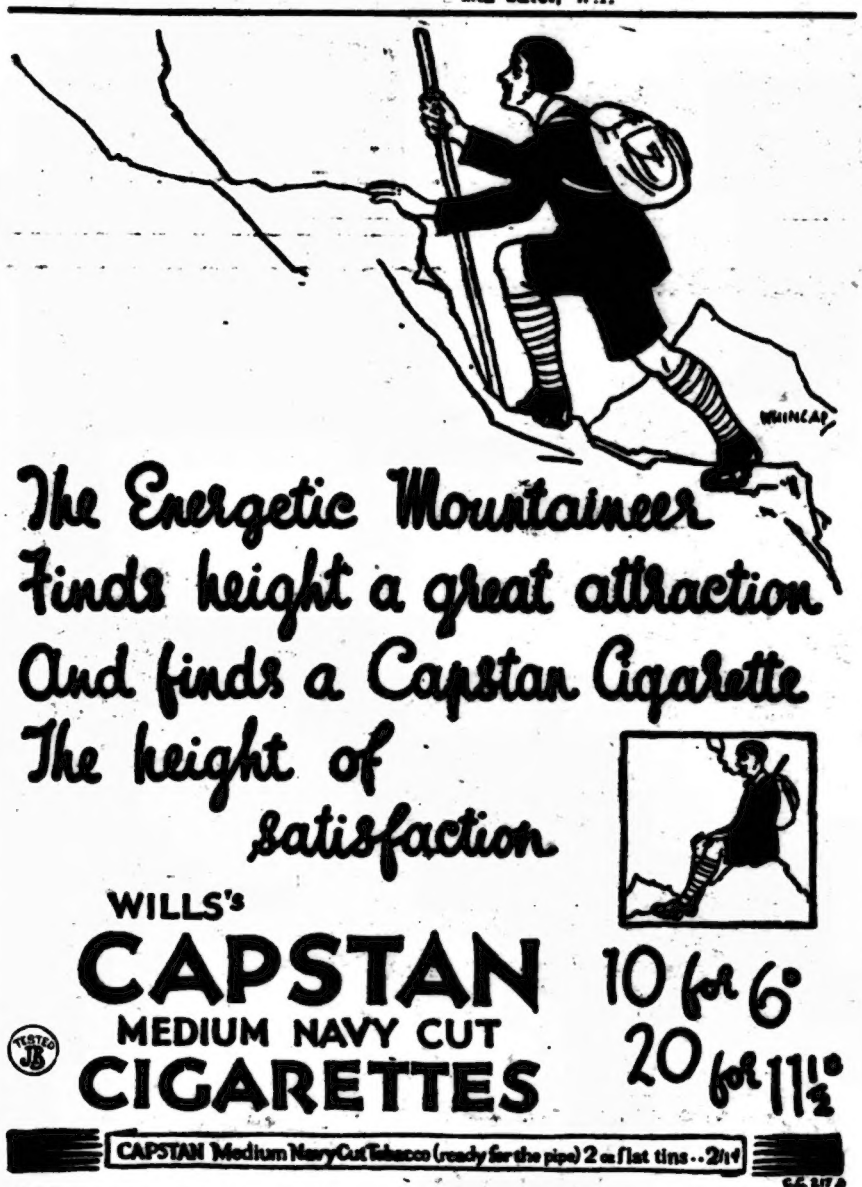

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Table Knives, 20/- dozen. Dessert 15/- dozen.
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SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING
Continued on Page Opposite.

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GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER
SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs.

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FREE An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.

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(Continued from opposite page)

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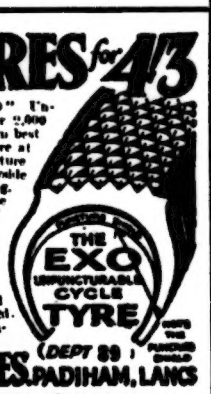

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"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Tell-tale Cash-Book—Hedging the Farmers

THE latest police trouble concerns a haulage company in the City.

It appears that the building occupied by this company was in a congested traffic area, and officers on point duty were given gratuities from time to time for permitting the company's vans to enter and leave the premises expeditiously.

* * *

Nobody would have been any the wiser had not the company gone into liquidation. An examination of the cash-books by the liquidator disclosed the names of several uniformed officers of various ranks who had been given "tips" periodically.

All are to appear before a disciplinary board.

A matter of time

In North London, in "J" Division, five officers have just been suspended. They had been called upon to keep official observation on a certain public-house, and their suspension arose as a result of the reports they submitted regarding the hours they were supposed to be there.

So another disciplinary board will be held.

Something coming

It is not likely, at the moment, that the manufacturers and distributors of building materials will go far towards staging a ramp on the strength of the big programme of roadmaking and accelerated house-building that the new Government intends to embark upon.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health, proposes to call all these people together in the near future, and have a frank heart-to-heart talk with them about the whole question.

On the one hand, they will be assured of a fair deal and a sure market for their output; and, on the other hand, they will be warned to abstain from anything in the nature of profiteering.

* * *

Mr. Greenwood has already got a Profiteering Bill drafted, under which he would be able to commandeer plant and stocks, and in bad cases to prosecute the offenders.

Farmers in bondage

Five million pounds have just been borrowed for forty years by the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation, a concern owned by the banks. The money is wanted to lend to farmers on the security of their land.

The farmer has to repay principal and interest by instalments spread over periods ranging from forty to sixty years, which means that no farmer can hope to repay the loan within his own lifetime.

* * *

The investor gets 5 per cent., while the farmer pays 6½, the difference being swallowed up by the banks. This bright idea is the result of the Agricultural Credits Act passed by the late Government.

Eventually the banks will own the land as well as the mills and factories of Great Britain.

Rhine Carpets—A Peerage Poser

Labour's City Big-wigs

Sir William Thwaites, British Commander-in-Chief on the Rhine

A case for the mat

There has been wild extravagance at British Army headquarters on the Rhine.

The report of the Comptroller and Auditor-General of Army Accounts shows that £1,378 was spent on curtains and carpets.

The floors of the residences of the senior British officers are covered throughout with costly Persian carpets, at the taxpapers' expense. Carpets costing £15 to £20 were even laid down in German servant-girls' rooms.

* * *

A British general bought a carpet costing £126, which was debited to the taxpayers' account. A set of chair covers costing £100 was ordered by the wife of a distinguished soldier, and again the public had to foot the bill.

The crowning flight was the purchase of a grand piano, costing £170, which you paid for.

Phew!

Colonels have vied with generals in making the money fly. One colonel, now promoted to one of the home commands, lived, at the public expense, in a house for which the British taxpayer paid a rent of £4,000 a year.

The sooner the Rhine Army is demobilised the better. The upkeep of one general, let alone a whole army, is about as much as we can afford.

They could, but won't

The Standard Oil Co. of New York is now developing a process discovered by the German Chemical Trust, with which it has an agreement, that will lower the cost of producing petrol enormously.

Under this process practically 100 per cent. refined motor-spirit can be obtained from crude petroleum instead of only about 50 per cent. as before. The Royal Dutch Shell group is also interested.

A fair share of this saving in costs ought to be passed on to consumers all over the world.

We doubt whether it will be. The oil combines and the German chemical group are allied too closely for any profits to escape them.

Flying boom

There is great activity at the Air Ministry. Lord Thomson has made it clear that the pace of the last five years is not fast enough.

Existing Empire lines are to be consolidated and new lines established. Active preparations are afoot for seaplane services to Ireland and across the North Sea.

Sound as a bell

We commend the attention of the big men in the coal industry to Sir Herbert Samuel's article which appears on another page of this issue.

His advice is weighty, and comes from a full knowledge of the industry and its problems. In 1925 Sir Herbert was chairman of the Royal Commission on Coal.

Had his advice given then been followed, the disaster of 1926 would have been averted.

This time there must be no pig-headedness.

Beatrice bucks

Mrs. Sidney Webb, wife of the Secretary for the Dominions, we notice, is announced as having decided to stay just as she is, in spite of her husband's elevation to the peerage.

He may be Lord Passfield, but she remains plain "Mrs."

She was once Miss Beatrice Potter, but renounced her maiden name on marriage. Why cannot she abandon her married name for one conferred as an honour?

We like Mrs. Webb, but we have no intention of respecting her wishes.

If we should have occasion to refer to her in future we shall call her "Lady Passfield," whether she likes it or not.

A bit tactless

Why *does* Germany make these mistakes? She sends a battleship to New Zealand in order, as the captain says, "to revive good feeling," and she sends a battleship called the *Emden*.

We can only think of one worse name, and that would be the *Lusitania*.

Welcome lip-service

At the next meeting of the Council of the League, its members may be astonished to hear Herr Stresemann, the German delegate, address them in French. This mark of amity will be appreciated, for France lays great store by the use of her own as the language of diplomacy.

Hitherto, the German delegate has spoken in German, and it has been supposed that he cannot speak French.

As a matter of fact, he speaks French fluently, and he is only waiting for the troops to be withdrawn from the Rhine to make this appreciative gesture at the council.

Race charges

Bookmakers have had to pay £5 10s. 6d. admission fee to Tattersalls' Ring at Newmarket each day this week to carry on their business. They paid £1 2s. 6d. before the introduction of the "Tote."

There is a general squeal; but we can assure them the levy will not stand for long.

There must be increased public patronage of race-meetings before the totalisator can show satisfactory results, and it is good odds on a reduction of charges to the public for admission in the near future.

The bookmakers' liability will be reduced *pro rata*.

Ministers and outside jobs

Now that Labour Ministers have got into their stride, we take it they will resign from their directorships.

There are quite a few company directors among them, including Mr. William Graham, Earl Russell, and others. Several more have outside jobs.

Trade union secretaryships hardly fit in with Ministerial appointments, particularly since journalists in the Cabinet are barred from writing articles.

War at 6d.

Representatives of a huge American provision firm have lately been touring this country.

Their mission has been to select possible sites for multiple stores of the Woolworth type.

If the scheme materialises there will be direct opposition to Woolworths'.

A drifting Dominion

Watch events in South Africa closely.

The elections did nothing to bridge the breach between the British and Dutch sections of the community.

General Hertzog is working hard behind the scenes for secession. Such a course would mean disaster for South Africa.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, after he has finished polishing Anglo-American relations, might well turn his attention to this Dominion.

Knife-grinding

The Labour proposals to re-establish distribution of poor relief by elected representatives in the distressed areas are to be keenly fought by the Conservative opposition.

Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Neville Chamberlain will lead the chase.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Penal diet?

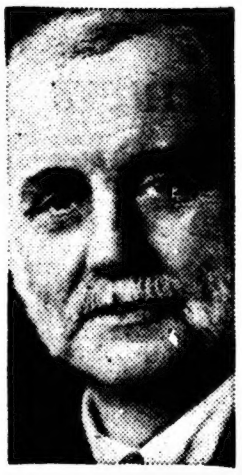
Complaints reach us from some ex-convicts of the way food is cooked in Dartmoor Prison.

The complaints strike us as being genuine, since tribute is invariably paid to the quality of the food which, it is alleged, is spoilt by convicts, who are probably better plumbers than they are cooks.

We know that old lags are sometimes old grousers, but there are grounds enough for the Governor to investigate.

Breeches and blushes

After the last Labour Government one Minister complained that he had to go out of office before he had finished paying for his Court dress. As it cost about £100, this was a serious item.



George is scratching his head

The Labour Government intends again to conform to the Court rules, though Members will not be called upon to appear this side of the recess.

Mr. George Lansbury is one of those who are scratching their heads. He is wondering what Poplar will think of him as he leaves his house down there.

Fortunately, he knows that Poplar contains as many loyal subjects of his Majesty as many a wealthier area. Still, a good crowd will gather round his garden-gate to cheer him off!

Who is mad here?

A stringent investigation should be made into the case of William Downes, an inmate of Leavesden Mental Hospital, Watford.

Two years ago he escaped and joined the Army. He was a popular recruit, and won a cup at the regimental sports.

But, after six weeks, the authorities tracked him down, and, despite his sergeant-major's protest that he was "quite normal," the plucky lad was returned to hospital.

Four months ago Downes escaped again. He signed on for a ten-weeks' trip to the River Plate. On his return he signed on for another voyage lasting seven weeks, but he was caught at the docks.

Obviously the lad is normal. A West End doctor has testified to his sanity, yet the Board of Control obstinately refuses to let him go.

He should be released forthwith.

One law for all

The licensed trade awaits with interest the appointment of the Royal Commission which the Government proposes to set up to enquire into licensing questions.

The National Trade Association, we understand, intends, among other things, to press for the same opening and closing hours for the whole of London.

We hope it wins. The different hours in vogue in London constitute a monstrous anomaly.

The foreigner benefits

The proposal of the Lancashire cotton leaders to reduce wages has already been followed by demands from cotton-goods buyers overseas for a similar reduction in prices.

If the employers succeed in forcing down wages, all the benefit will have to be passed on to foreign buyers. The saving in costs will not be used to improve the efficiency of the industry by putting in new plant.

Independent authorities are convinced that the reduction will leave cotton sales just where they were. Lancashire mill-workers will have had their level of living forced down to no purpose.

It is not too late for the employers to change their attitude and decide on a round-table conference with employees' leaders to see what can be done to help the industry.

Pump Turpins

Complaints continually reach us of the short measure supplied by roadside petrol-pumps. A West Country reader states that, in some cases, he found the shortage amounted to over an ounce per gallon.

This is sheer robbery. Motorists have quite enough to pay by way of taxation, without being swindled by highway Robots.

What about a fire?

A wealthy borough like Ealing might be expected to house its firemen properly.

The chief officer is forced to live in mean, poky quarters, which are not large enough even to contain his piano. The instrument has to be stored in his office.

The rest of the staff are herded together in wretched quarters over a stable and the station.

Living in such congested quarters reduces the efficiency of the men, as the Ealing Town Council may discover to its cost one of these days.

Parsimony never did pay.

Excisemen's secret role

It is not generally known that Excisemen in this country are also inspectors under the Old-Age Pensions Acts.

When the original Act was passed in 1908, the Government was obliged to appeal to the Customs and Excise Department because the Excisemen were the only body of Civil Servants covering the whole country effectively, so the job of checking pensions claims was handed over to them.

Being more intelligent and better educated than the average inspector person, the Excisemen have never attracted public attention to their pensions work, so strangely at variance with their normal duties.

In all their dealings with the aged, they have shown tact and courtesy and a quiet efficiency.

Not so green

An organisation has been formed called the Men of the Trees. It is for all men who care for trees and wish for their preservation. Although its title is distinctly masculine, we hope that women also may join.

Its purpose is to develop a "tree sense" in every citizen. We believe that Britons have this sense probably more strongly than any other people. It wasn't so very long ago, after all, when our Druid ancestors worshipped trees.

Our trees are one of the glories of England, and any endeavour to protect and increase them has our good will.

There is a practical side to it also. The world's supply of timber is becoming less and less, and we may some day be faced with a timber famine.

A lapse

Some of our magistrates have curious lapses. Mr. St. John Morrow, presiding magistrate at West Ham Police Court, recently refused to allow a Roman Catholic witness to swear on the Douai version of the Bible.

An oath made on the Douai Bible is perfectly legal. How could it be otherwise?

The Douai Bible is claimed to be more literal and more accurate than any of the others, and is, of course, the same in essentials.

Mr. St. John Morrow was apparently not sure of his ground.

However, he will know better next time.

Still another

The widow of Mr. George Hearne, an ex-member of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who lost his right [illegible] the war, deserves practical [illegible]. But the big-wigs at the M[illegible] Pensions think otherwise.

Mr. Hearne died before he could attend the Ministry for medical examination.

In consequence, the Ministry of Pensions refuses to pay his widow, who is in financial straits, arrears of pension to which he was entitled amounting to about £100.

It is just another instance of red-tape coupled with a total lack of humanity, which has characterised the policy of the Ministry.

Wipe it out!

Now that we have a Labour Secretary of State for War, we may hope to see the abolition of the Army death penalty for what is known as "cowardice in the face of the enemy."

There have been long and bitter debates on this subject in the House of Commons in the past on the Army Estimates.

Men were shot for cowardice in the last war who did not at all deserve such a fate, and widows and children are still living under the shadow of the dishonour.

Britishers do not need to be impelled to duty by fear, and this barbarous penalty should be expunged from the Army code.

Fortune's favours

A gentleman, who sardonically calls himself F. Fortune, and who operates from 30A, Warwick Street, London, S.W., will show you how to find a job if you are mug enough to send him a guinea.

He must be an optimist.

Humanity conquers

Among the many important bodies in the meat trade who have congratulated us on our exposure of the cruelty to which animals are frequently submitted in slaughter-houses is the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society.

He provided the necessary finance

The other day the society installed an apparatus which renders the use of chains or strangling ropes unnecessary. The animal is secured without risk or discomfort, and is despatched swiftly and silently by means of an automatic device. No distress is caused.

The inventor, Mr. Collingswood, has spent ten years in perfecting it, and Mr. Percy Holmes, a young farmer, of Westleton, Saxmundham, has provided the necessary finance.

Mr. Cooper, the foreman-slaughterman to the society, through whose hands several hundred cattle pass each week, is delighted with it.

Demonstrations have been witnessed by Professor Hobday, C.M.G., Dean of the Royal Veterinary College, and other authorities. We learn they, too, are satisfied.

Another alien guest

A Melton Mowbray woman, who endeavours to keep her little ones by curing and selling moleskins, has been unlucky enough to fall into the hands of R. Watson and Co., 3, Middle Street, Smithfield Market, London, whom we exposed in our issue of June 22.

She despatched a bundle of skins to a firm named F. Brown and Co., 53, Aldersgate Street, E.C., and, in reply, received a letter, dated May 25, from R. Watson and Co., stating that they had "taken over" this business, and that a remittance would be sent "next week." She is still waiting for her money.

Louis de Sarandi, an Austrian, with two convictions, is associated with this firm. Why he is allowed to stay here is another Home Office mystery.

"Had super-greatness thrust upon him"

Crashing chariots

There has been a bad little accident at Ojai, California. Ojai, if you don't know, is not far from Hollywood, and has been crowded recently with theosophists who have come from all over the world for their summer assembly.

Mr. J. Krishnamurti, proclaimed twenty years ago by Mrs. Annie Besant as a new world religious leader, was driving out one evening when he was blinded by the setting sun, and crashed into a less Messianic chariot driven by a native of those parts.

Mr. Krishnamurti is always having things happen to him that come the way of ordinary mortals, to the consternation of the more devout theosophists, though not to Mr. Krishnamurti.

The most embarrassing occasion was when a prominent film star became much more interested in his good looks than in his mission as a theosophist.

He has never, it is said, been happy in his rôle. He had super-greatness thrust upon him.

Briefs by post

We advise readers to steer clear of Mr. Strongfort, who hails from Chicago, and who specialises in selling postal courses in physical culture.

Strongfort agreed to sell a reader one of his courses at reduced terms. Now he is endeavouring to obtain the full payment of his fee through the agency of the Educational Institutions Protective Association, which, with typical Transatlantic cheek, has sent a threatening letter claiming immediate payment.

Strongfort is merely indulging in strong man's bluff. The best place for his missives is the wastepaper-basket.

A dog-collar tout

"Pastor" Hurst, of the London Evangelistic Mission, 22, Gray's Inn Road, London, is back at his old game of touting for subscriptions.

We exposed Hurst in 1927 for being associated with a bogus clergyman named the "Rev." John Penrose, who served a term of imprisonment for obtaining charitable contributions by false pretences.

The Northern Evangelistic Mission with which Hurst was formerly connected, is blacklisted by the Charity Organisation Society. Furthermore "Pastor" Hurst is not a recognised clergyman of any denomination.

Readers who have asked us whether they should act as collectors for Hurst now know what to do.

Every little helps

Four rogues, including Cecil Munro Ellison and George Sturley, who have been exposed in these columns, were sentenced at the Old Bailey recently for long-firm frauds.

Ellison and Sturley have been active for years in obtaining quantities of goods by false pretences from merchants all over the country.

There are still a very large number of similar rogues at large working this the most profitable of all swindles.

May we hope that the Public Prosecutor's department will find time to spread its net for some of the bigger fish?

The Coming CRISIS?

by SIR HERBERT SAMUEL

"Discontent, widespread and often bitter, still permeates the coalfields"

The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, M.P. When a coal crisis last arose, his basis for the renewal of negotiations was accepted by the T.U.C. To-day he writes shrewdly of the future

ONCE more the coal question is looming over the country. There are formidable problems which must be dealt with this year. In December the wages agreements between the employers and the miners, which were made after the great stoppage of 1926, come to an end in most of the districts.

The miners insist that a new agreement should be arranged on a national basis, as used to be the case; the Employers' Association insists that agreements shall be made district by district, as now. Here is a preliminary issue not easy to solve.

During the stoppage, Parliament amended the Seven Hours Act—so-called. (The Act had really established an average day of seven and a half hours for the underground workers.) As a consequence of the amendment, the working-day was extended by one hour in most districts, by half-an-hour in others.

The Labour Government is definitely pledged to the immediate repeal of this measure. But if it is repealed, if hours are shortened again, and if the present wages are not lowered, then the cost of producing coal will be increased by a considerable amount.

Threatened progress

CAN the markets stand that?

Slowly, and with great difficulty, the British coal trade is recovering some of its lost markets. Our exports have shown a marked improvement in the last few months. But if there is a serious increase in the cost of production, all this progress may be undone.

It is true that, with shorter hours, more workers would be employed—if the same amount of coal were sold. But what if the rise of prices caused a much smaller amount to be sold? Unemployment, which has been diminishing, may revert to the alarming and disastrous figures of last winter. The nation may again be called upon to come to the relief of two hundred thousand unemployed miners.

The question of the hours worked is closely linked with the rates of pay. The Royal Commission, in its report, laid stress on the connection between the two. At that time, four years ago, wages were at a level which had been considerably raised not long before.

The Commission advised that, for various reasons, it would be better to meet the grave economic condition of the industry by going back to the previous wage scale than by lengthening the hours then being worked. But it held that the choice should rest with the men themselves.

The Miners' Federation refused to agree to either course. As the result of the miners' defeat in the long struggle of 1926, they were compelled to submit to both—the wages were reduced, beyond any figure that was contemplated by the Royal Commission, and the hours were lengthened as well.

If now a return is made to the shorter hours, what will happen with regard to wages? They are already far from adequate, taking into account the arduous conditions under which the work is done.

Are the miners willing to abandon hope of any increase? Will they face the possibility of still further reductions?

The matter is made still more complicated by the conditions of foreign competition. If there were uniform hours for the miners in all the countries of Europe, the position would be simpler.

International standards

THE Miners' Federation has long advocated this, and has urged "the international regulation of the coal trade, with uniform hours of labour and adequate standards of living for the mine-workers of all countries.

Will it now press for the "seven-hours day" in Great Britain alone, or will it endeavour to secure a joint advance in the matter of hours throughout Europe?

The last three years might have been a time in which the mine-owners could have been active in efforts to win the good will of their workers. The Miners' Federation, with membership diminished, with funds depleted, with energies sapped by an exhausting struggle and a disastrous defeat, was powerless to apply any coercion, or even pressure.

That was the very time for the employers to come forward, of their own motion, with measures of reform to meet the grievances of the men.

Joint committees of employers and employed might have been set up at the pits, as recommended by every enquiry which has investigated the conditions of the industry, in order to provide a standing method for forestalling or removing local causes of discontent.

The suspicions, widespread among the miners, as to the fairness of the methods adopted for calculating the "proceeds of the industry"—calculations on which their wage-rates are based—might have been removed by a simple change of procedure.

Schemes might have been prepared for introducing profit-sharing when good times came again. Little or nothing has been done in any of these directions.

The late Government had taken power by Act of Parliament, as recommended by the Royal Commission, to compel the establishment of the pit committees, if, within two years, the industry did not move of its own accord. The two years elapsed long ago. But the power was left unused.

Some miners' institutes, and some pit-head baths, and some other useful enterprises have been established here and there; but, looking at the industry as a whole, nothing effective has been done to conciliate the workers. There has been no set-off to the lowering of wages, to the lengthening of hours, to the extensive unemployment and working of short-time.

Bitter atmosphere

DISCONTENT, widespread and often bitter, still permeates the coal-fields.

Nor has any appreciable advance been made towards the better organisation of the mines. It is notorious that there are far too many small undertakings. It is established that the industry is much more effectively organised in some of the coal-producing countries on the Continent which compete with us.

A few steps, it is true, have been taken towards the standards which they had reached years ago. A certain number of amalgamations of collieries have taken place in various parts of Great Britain, and these have created stronger and more efficient units of production.

But only a sixth of the industry has been affected by these reforms.

The Royal Commission proposed that the mineral, as distinct from the mines, should be purchased by the State, in order that a better organisation might be promoted. Some of the leading mine-owners now favour the proposal. No action has been taken.

The railway transport of the coal, again, which is notoriously uneconomical and indeed primitive, remains as it was. An official committee has been sitting for three years, but it has hatched no reforms as yet.

The efforts of the mine-owners since 1926 have been devoted mainly to establishing combinations to prevent the excessive competition in sales, which had resulted in a ruinous undercutting of prices. There, and there alone, a marked advance has been made.

Complex issues

POWERFUL organisations have been set up in most of the coal-fields, which have helped to strengthen the markets and to promote the recovery of our export trade. Whether these combinations will be able to resist the internal forces of disintegration which are always at work in such circumstances only experience will be able to show.

Meantime, nothing can be worse for the trade than uncertainty. Nothing makes it more difficult for British coal-owners and coal merchants to secure foreign contracts than the doubt whether the labour conditions some months later will permit contracts to be fulfilled.

Hours, wages, and pit committees; national agreements and international action; joint marketing; the better organisation of production, and the State purchase of the mineral—all these difficult and complex issues jostle one another for attention.

Events are on the march. Very careful guidance will be needed to enable the country to avoid this year yet another crisis in the mining industry.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

BYNG'S *Blue Plums*

Killjoys' K.C.—Birch-'em Beaks—Madam Tootinglow a Biffing a Bishop

VISCOUNT BYNG OF VIMY,
New Scotland Yard, S.W.

MY DEAR BYNG,—I am satisfied that since you became Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police you have done your best to make certain sections of the uniform branch worthy once more of public confidence.

But I view with grave misgiving the rumours that it has been decided to appoint military men to superior posts previously held by officers who have won their way from the ranks, and to withhold publication of future disciplinary punishments even from police orders.

The first move would be grossly unfair to the best men in the Force, who, after years of service, would find the "plums" snatched from them by outsiders whom they would have to teach.

The second is fraught with danger, and, moreover, is not what one expects from a military man. Courts-martial decisions are made public, and with good reason.

That the findings of courts constabulary should be hushed up is intolerable. JOHN BULL.

General HIGGINS,
Salvation Army

DEAR GENERAL,—Now that our old friend General Booth has been laid to rest, we can return to the question of the leadership of the army. You are now its supreme head. No General ever held a more awe-inspiring command.

You have much to live up to if the traditions of the army's founder and his son are to continue. But they will continue, for in you the army has a man, and with you it inherits a constitution.

The wise learn from history; therefore this warning word: Do not play the autocrat; do not over-centralise the army. Never forget that it is no longer a British institution, but a world army.

Do that and the future is assured.
JOHN BULL.

Mr. HUGH R. BUCHANAN,
Glasgow

SIR,—For the past four years thousands of Glasgow's poor children have been sent to the country for a fortnight each summer.

Money has been subscribed by the public; the education authority, of which you are a member, has given premises for the use of the organisers, and teachers have devoted their holidays to looking after the children.

You have objected to this work being done "in the authority's time," and have even consulted King's Counsel to have the fund declared illegal.

As a result, 6,000 slum children are in danger of losing a fortnight in the fresh air and decent surroundings.

Glasgow ratepayers do not appreciate your efforts on their behalf.
JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Magistrates' Bench, Dewsbury

SIR, — Birching babies is not a part of British justice. Yet some of your fellow-magistrates, who, I am astounded to see, include two women, sentenced an eight-year-old child to be birched, and sent another, aged twelve, to a reformatory for five years.

Both children had committed only trivial offences.

The appointment of a stipendiary magistrate in Dewsbury is badly wanted. Certain members of your Bench seem to take a queer view of their duties.
JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. E. GILLIGAN,
Captain of the M.C.C. N.Z. Team

SIR,—I am glad to know that you are to captain the M.C.C. team in New Zealand. Your cheery personality earned you a host of friends in Australia, where, in former tours, you worthily upheld the best traditions of English cricket.

A big welcome awaits you in this England of the Antipodes, where the flappers will doubtless vie with their Australian sisters in mobbing you.

By the way, your criticism of "doctored wickets" in Australia will hardly apply in New Zealand if the earthquakes continue. I hope you won't be able to add a rocking wicket to your experiences in the "shaky isles."
JOHN BULL.

Mrs. BROOKS-ATEN,
New York

DEAR MADAM,—You are not known here, but we very much like your idea of developing closer understanding between Americans and Englishmen by catching them young.

To finance the visit of America's champion schoolboy crew to Henley, so that the boys of the two countries may get to know one another, is the real goods and worth reams of rhetoric. There is nothing like sport for cementing friendship.

I send you a handshake across the herring-pond. JOHN BULL.

M. ESPINOSA.
Lonsdale Road, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to see your statement that "British dancers are the best in the world." The pity is that, owing to the craziness of theatrical managers, so many of these talented British girls have to masquerade under foreign names.

Dancers, like eggs, should be branded British, and then we would realise that Tooting supplies more Russian dancers than Moscow. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ELLIOTT,
Greystoke, Penrith

DEAR BETSY,—A light heart for a long life! And here's to you. To dance a hornpipe at the seventy-eighth birthday party of your relative home from Australia must have encouraged the youngster to go on adding birthdays until he reached your own score of one hundred.

Was the poem you recited in dialect, entitled "A Brisk Young Farmer Courted Me," born of recent personal experience? It ought to have been.
JOHN BULL.

Rev. WILLIAM HODGSON, M.A.,
Escomb Vicarage, Bishop Auckland

DEAR VICAR,—I admire your pluck in rebuking Dr. Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham, for failing to attend a service and suggesting that it should be delayed for three hours.

What his excuse was I do not know, and it may have been a good one.

But it is just as well that bishops should be reminded now and then that parsons have a right to speak their mind, and that there are still lots left in the Church with courage to do so.
JOHN BULL.

Miss MARJORIE EVAN-THOMAS,
The Pioneer Club, 285, Old Street, E.C.

DEAR MARJIE (as I believe they address you down Shoreditch way),—You win first prize as Britain's best lady this week for the good work you are doing at your club to keep ex-Borstal boys on the straight road.

Anyone who gives a helping hand to boys who, in many cases, have a terrible struggle against the temptation to crime in these days of unemployment deserves public recognition and support.

Good luck to you.
JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

LADY HEATH: "Women are going to save this country."

But not by proposing, as you have done, to become naturalised Americans.

• • •

MR. EVELEIGH NASH: "I never advise young novelists to write sex stuff."

But they will, so long as it brings fame and cash stuff.

• • •

REV. E. W. GREVATT: "People who flock from cities into villages have about as much religion in them as the chairs they sit on."

Or the parsons whose only business with "sinners" is to insult them.

• • •

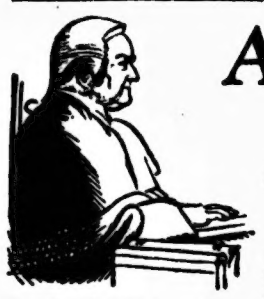
REV. HERBERT LEGGATT: "Games on Sunday are wiser than over-feeding."

We're with you, Bertie.

The Sentence of the Court

A ONE-POUND POP-GUN

Blythswood Bares his Teeth



THERE was some delay in securing the attendance of Lord Blythswood, charged with intimidation, his lordship having sent his agent to plead and (if necessary) receive sentence on his behalf.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is a peer by accident of birth, a landowner by accident of inheritance and a philanthropist by accident of definition.

"But although he has survived these accidents, his reputation will not soon recover from the damage inflicted upon it when, firing a pop-gun at the Labour Government, his weapon rebounded and severely wounded him in public esteem.

"The incident occurred when his lordship, having received a request for his usual donation to a charity, instructed his agent to send a £1 note and a sulky letter announcing: 'I am to say that if the Labour Government remains in office all subscriptions will cease.'

"As a Tory speaker, Lord Blythswood doubtless predicted that the earth would cease to revolve if the electors were so regardless of the wishes of their betters as to give Labour a majority.

"But, possibly because they considered the devil they didn't know preferable to the Blythswood they knew, the electors disregarded these dire predictions.

"Now that a Labour Government is here, Lord Blythswood presumably feels that the proletariat may lose faith in the prophetic powers of their blue-blooded mentors unless something or other ceases. So as the beer-pumps obstinately refuse to run dry by way of protest, there was nothing for it but to dry up the wells of charity.—

"Whether the knowledge that the munificent sum of one quid per year will not in future be forthcoming from this philantropic peer will cause a panic among the usual recipients of his largess remains to be seen. But it is clear that his action represents yet another attempt to assert the power of the purse."

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter said that nowadays too many people wanted something for nothing. They held out one hand for a subscription and with the other made a cross on a ballot-paper in direct opposition to Lord Blythswood's clearly-expressed wishes. In these circumstances, his lordship naturally exacted reprisals.

• • •

"Lord Blythswood, of course, has a perfect right to stop contributions because he disapproves of the Labour Government, the state of his own liver or the pattern of Ramsay MacDonald's plus-fours," said Mr. Justice Bull.

"But although he may harden his heart and button up his pockets, I should advise him in future not to make his reasons public.

"To look for logic from a Die-hard is as sensible as to look for sixpences in the streets of Aberdeen. But it is surprising that any adult should adopt such a childish attitude.

"So I will dismiss the jury and direct that this case be heard at the next sitting of the Children's Court."

WAR HERO'S *Hospital Death*

DISQUIETING MYSTERY

COMPLAINTS are constantly arising from inmates of various mental homes regarding alleged cruelty by orderlies and attendants, who, in the absence of medical officers and superintendents, mete out harsh punishment to patients, knowing that their own word is more likely to prevail against any remonstrance a "mental" case may subsequently make.

There can be no doubt that many of these complaints are only too well grounded; nor do they always emanate from the patients.

The Rochford Board of Guardians has just been engaged in long discussions regarding the treatment of inmates of the Rochford Institution.

Patients had frequently been received into hospital from the institution suffering from bruises, it was alleged, and had every appearance of having been mishandled.

Tragic end

During the last week or so, we have received numerous communications regarding a tragedy which happened three weeks ago at the Ministry of Pensions' Alexandria Hospital in Cosham, Hants.

Some of these letters, which were anonymous, obviously emanated from patients, but others have been from outside sources. All contain the strongest possible allegations to the effect that a patient named Ralph Giddens has died after being violently assaulted by orderlies.

The gist of these complaints is that Giddens, a native of Raynes Park, London, was actually mishandled by eight men who were endeavouring to move him forcibly from one ward to another.

Afterwards, his companions, who were waiting outside, could hear his cries and groans, while one eye-witness has declared emphatically that he saw Giddens being brutally kicked while he lay struggling on the floor.

It is also asserted that the poor man lay groaning upon his bed throughout the night, and on the following morning he was seen by the doctor in charge of the ward, who immediately ordered his removal to Portsmouth Infirmary, where he died the same day.

Protest meetings

When the news of his tragic end reached the Alexandria Hospital at Cosham, his companions gathered in excited crowds and held heated protest meetings amongst themselves.

One party of a dozen or more actually broke out and proceeded to Portsmouth Police Station to lodge a report of the affair, after which they held a protest meeting on Southsea Common before returning to the hospital.

In view of the gravity of these allegations, we felt it imperative to make some investigation, and accordingly despatched a representative to interview the hospital authorities themselves in order to learn the official view on the tragedy.

Sir George Chrystal, Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Pensions. Has he heard about this?

It is not easy to get past these entrance-gates, but our representative was successful

Sir Thomas Bramsdon, Hants Coroner, whose officers have made enquiries

For a time he could not get past the entrance-lodge, but on saying that he had come specially from London, he at last prevailed upon the lodge-keeper to telephone to the secretary in the main building.

Finally, the lodge-keeper informed our representative that he could wait to see the medical superintendent, Dr. Paul, providing he gave a strict undertaking not to go near any of the patients or attempt to engage them in conversation.

Agreeing to this stipulation, our representative saw Dr. Paul.

The doctor explained that the Ministry of Pensions used the Alexandria Hospital as a "home" for nervous borderland mental cases, its 300 inmates being drawn from naval and military victims of the late war.

He was not empowered to make any statement; but in response to a series of questions, he admitted that the serious allegations referred to above had certainly been made by a number of men regarding the circumstances of Giddens' death, the cause of which had been a punctured artery of the intestines.

Attendant suspended

Dr. Paul further admitted that the police were making enquiries into the affair, and that an attendant in the ward where the alleged ill-treatment had taken place had finally been suspended.

It now transpires that a number of patients are coming forward to complain of past cruelties they have witnessed or experienced.

But so far there has been no inquest on Giddens, who lies buried at Merton Cemetery. The coroner's officers have, however, taken a number of statements, and it seems incredible that such a scandalous affair should be allowed to die down.

Thrash it out!

Giddens had only been at Cosham six weeks, and in an interview with the dead man's father we elicited that when he went to identify his son he found that the body showed noticeable signs of having been knocked about, while one eye was blackened and the face badly bruised.

Clearly this is a case where the Ministry of Pensions should step in and investigate every aspect of this tragedy.

Nearly a month has passed since the death of Giddens took place, and yet no inquest has been held.

We urge the Ministry of Pensions to hold an early enquiry, not only in fairness to the restless and apprehensive patients, but also in fairness to the orderlies against whom such dreadful allegations have been made.

And if it is found necessary to bring a charge of manslaughter—or maybe a lesser charge—against any person or persons in the hospital's employ, then such a charge must be pursued without hesitation.

Weekly Informations— *- from Sir Wyndham Childs*

"Get Rich Quick" Masters

HERE are some more names of fee-snatchers selected from my growing black list:

J. W. Allen and Co., 81, Bayham Street, London, N.W., serves as the "business name" of a Mr. J. W. Brown. Posing as "publishers, manufacturers, importers and printers' agents," he claims to specialise in "printing, stationery, toilet preparations, international novelties, cutlery, publicity, etc."

His method is to advertise in the provincial Press offering 2s. an hour for "addressing envelopes."

People who respond are asked to forward 3s. 6d. "deposit," and receive in return merely the usual "home-employment" rubbish.

* * *

M. Thomas, of Colwyn, Highland Road, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks, poses as "publisher," and also advertises for home-workers to address envelopes.

Applicants receive a printed circular asking them to send 2s. for "full copyright instructions." All they get in return is a paltry pamphlet, entitled "How to Earn Money at Home," with the usual rubbishy formulas for gout cures and boot polish.

Yet another of the fraternity who live by exploiting the unemployed is W. J. Ballard, of 71, Graces Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.

Describing himself as "mail order and advertising specialist," he advertises for men "desirous of taking up profitable employment," and sends applicants a letter affecting to denounce the effrontery of some people who offer home-employment propositions.

He would have applicants believe that his is a perfectly genuine offer. His full fee, he declares, is really £2 2s., but he is ready to accept £1 1s. for a course that will enable aspirants to become their own masters.

If the fish don't bite then, he reduces his fee to 10s. 6d. It would seem that he is ready to sell his "secrets of success" at whatever price he can get rather than act upon them himself.

* * *

I have already mentioned one competition scheme in which all competitors were being encouraged to send £1 for certain goods by being assured that they had secured a "maximum award."

A similar competition, entitled "Spot the Twins," is at present being run by Morbros and Co., Ltd., incorporating the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd., of 63, High Holborn, London, W.C., and 84, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

Numerous readers have been "congratulated" upon securing the highest number of points for accuracy and urged to send in a "qualifying order" to the value of £1.

The letters of congratulation are reproduced by cyclostyle!

HOLIDAYS for SIXPENCE!

A week by the sea is the best medicine in the world—but Doctor Neptune's fees are stiff. Let JOHN BULL foot his bill this year.

On Wednesday, July 31, we shall be posting off 200 "Bullets" Holiday Prizes. One of the coupons on page 35 may put you amongst the winners.

Nunn's housing scheme was not founded on such sound foundations as these

WE SCOTCH A BIG BUILDING RAMP

A REPORT recently issued by Mr. John Fox, Assistant Registrar of Friendly Societies, following an investigation into the affairs of a concern called the Builders' Co-operative Permanent Building Society, affords remarkable testimony to the part played by JOHN BULL in bringing about a bogus society's downfall, and saving countless people from losing their money.

His report shows that, just as the Builders' Co-operative Permanent Building Society had established itself in offices in Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., and was on the point of launching a widespread campaign to obtain money from the public, JOHN BULL published an article which caused two directors, the auditors and solicitor immediately to resign, simultaneously prompting an investor to bring an action against the society in the High Courts.

Inside facts

Here is the inside story.

The Builders' Co-operative Permanent Building Society was preceded by two short-lived companies, which had an individual named Captain Robert McCarthy at their helms, and which were formed to enter into undertakings as diversified as shipbuilding and the importation of Belgian bricks.

The secretary of these two companies was a man named Nunn.

He originally obtained employment with McCarthy at £800 a year on the understanding that he would introduce capital to the extent of £10,000 into one of the companies to enable it to acquire a steamship.

But once he had started his secretarial duties, Mr. Nunn failed to produce a penny piece.

Sudden death

The companies died suddenly, after an investor who answered an advertisement had put in £300 on the understanding that he was to be given a permanent post at £450 a year.

Then Mr. Nunn came to the rescue. It was his idea to start the building society, and he claimed to have the experience necessary for such a project.

He forthwith set to work and produced the rules of the Builders' Co-operative Permanent Building Society, at the same time drawing up some colourful pamphlets for distribution.

"The Builders' Co-operative Building Society is distinct from any other," one of his documents declared, "in that it attacks the present-day housing problem at the root and provides building finance during the actual erection of the houses. . . . If you have the land we will help you to cover it!"

Studied anonymity

Although he was the author of the scheme, his name did not figure anywhere in its literature.

But perhaps his modesty is explained by the fact that most of the material for his pamphlets had been lifted unblushingly from the printed matter of some of the reputable building societies, and that he had only just emerged from prison after serving a well-merited term for fraudulently converting to his own use some thousands of pounds obtained from people in an earlier housing scheme.

Once these plagiarised pamphlets were printed, the society inserted the following advertisement in a daily paper.

"Director: £500 secured, returnable. Exceptional opening. Good returns. Genuine business."

Applicants were told that the scheme was a most promising one, and that their money would be safe, as special committees would be appointed to administer its affairs.

They were also shown a statement to the effect that on a capital of £25,000 the gross earnings for the first year would be £10,828—a clear profit of £4,915 12s. 6d.

Two men who, within a few days of the society's formation, were induced to invest £500 apiece became directors.

It was at this stage that our article appeared, with the result that the above victims resigned their directorships.

Mr. Registrar Fox found in his subsequent enquiry, amongst other things, that, out of the £4,915 estimated profits for the first year, £3,915 had been earmarked for directors' fees and committees' remuneration, and that a special rule had been made by the society authorising the directors to deal with the bulk of the profits as they thought fit.

He also found that, in addition to his salary, Nunn received £266 13s. 4d. "merely for lifting material from other societies' rules and pamphlets." The society's books disclosed many false entries.

Undesirable features

Furniture which was supposed to have cost £221 in a sale-room fetched only £57 when it was seized by the landlord and sold—at another sale-room—to liquidate arrears of rent.

Creditors were numerous, and there were many undesirable features in the society's affairs, not the least of which was an attempt to secure £30,000 from two insurance companies on valueless mortgages.

The object of the persons responsible for the promotion of the society, says Mr. Fox, in his considered judgment, seems to have been to attract money from all and sundry by extravagant promises, and, having obtained it, to transfer as much as possible to their own pockets under the pretence that they were carrying on a legitimate business.

Who, in view of this grave state of affairs, will not agree with us that it is time that steps were taken to revise the Friendly Societies Act in such a manner as to render it impossible for bogus concerns of the above type ever to attain the dignity of official registration?

A SWIFT SILK SWINDLE

LADIES who are thinking of renewing their wardrobes should avoid a firm which has lately indulged in a widespread endeavour to secure custom, and which bears the pretentious name of the "Associated Silk Manufacturers."

From an office in Hammersmith Road, in London, it has been sending out thousands of circulars offering "a wonderful opportunity" for bargain-hunters to secure a complete supply of ladies' underwear at "half cost price."

The circulars have taken the form of a four-page catalogue of various articles, and we have no doubt that the promise of ten pure silk garments for the ridiculous price of £1 has attracted quite a number of people.

* * *

The company seems to have been careful to send its circulars to people living very far afield from Hammersmith. Queries have reached us during the last week from places as scattered as Liverpool, Wakefield, Banbury, Glasgow, Bristol, Birmingham, Torquay and Newport, Mon.

We note that a feature of this great "offer" is that it only holds good for seven days, and the reason for this is not far to seek.

The Associated Silk Manufacturers is nothing more or less than a business name for a Mr. J. W. Cassell. And although the circulars claim that it was established in 1923, reference to Somerset House shows that it was only registered by Mr. Cassell on May 25 this year.

In filing the necessary particulars at Somerset House, Cassell gave his private address as being in Great Windmill Street, London, W.

* * *

But on visiting the premises in question a representative found that it was only an accommodation address for the receipt of letters.

And what of the headquarters of the Associated Silk Manufacturers at Hammersmith? The company's name does not appear on the doorway or in the entrance-hall of the office block in question.

There is, however, the name of J. W. Cassell, with an indication that he occupies "Room 3."

A personal call is useless, however, as Cassell is never to be found there, and other tenants in the building know nothing of his movements.

Meanwhile, a number of people who foolishly parted with their money have received nothing in return. We urge all who are in the same predicament to communicate at once with the police.

MAC and "TOSH"

DESCRIBING himself as an "Ultra-Physicist," Mr. T. Macintosh Scotland, of West Campbell Street, Glasgow, is at present holding out new hope to sufferers from such dread diseases as rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis, sciatica, stiffness of joints or muscles and other disorders.

Interviews are not essential. Mr. T. Macintosh Scotland is prepared to place his services at the disposal of people he has never seen, and diagnosis is apparently unnecessary, since he advocates one universal specific for all the ailments mentioned in his printed matter.

He pins all his faith to the use of what he chooses to term the S. Ray "Attraction" Bottle.

Sufferers are invited to send him £2 2s. and to leave the rest to the bottle, the purpose of which, he explains, is to extract impurities from the blood.

Hundreds of patients have saved their lives, their homes and their cash by its use, he declares. No special precautions need be taken as regards diet or mode of living, and the mere act of holding the bottle in the hand for thirty minutes or so each night is supposed to bring about the desired results.

All this sounds nonsensical to the hale and hearty, but despairing sufferers are liable to catch at any fresh ray of hope, however slight, and are ready to spend their last guineas in trying any remedy that remains.

Mr. T. Macintosh Scotland may be quite right in saying that his S. Ray "Attraction" Bottle can do no harm; on the other hand, we have only his own circulars to vouch for its alleged powers.

We would urge sufferers to refrain from sending their guineas to "ultra-physicists"—however ultra they may be.

A CROOK *with a* New Idea

Mr. Hubert Martin, Chief Passports Officer, can clip Clipstone's wings

A NEW field is at present being exploited by an individual whose original methods place him in a class by himself.

He is Mr. John Clipstone, a tall, well-built gentleman of thirty-three, who is always smartly attired and whose manner is full of charm.

He talks with a slight American accent, and nearly always wears a smile that reveals several gold teeth.

Recently he made his appearance at Southampton, where he took up quarters at a high-class hotel.

He seemed to have unlimited cash at his disposal, which was explained by his boast that, as first-class steward on the *Majestic*, the largest liner in the world, he acquired handsome gratuities on every voyage from the millionaires and various wealthy passengers to whose comfort he ministered.

Cloaking the object

The guests with whom he mingled had no idea of the true "profession" of pleasant Mr. John Clipstone.

While he sojourned at the hotel, he was privately approaching persons who were anxious to emigrate to America, with the secret object of relieving them of their savings.

Those whom he marked down as prospective victims were would-be emigrants who found themselves debarred from proceeding to America immediately owing to the American quota regulations, which only allow a specified number of people to enter the United States each month.

By some means, which at present remain a mystery, Clipstone managed to arm himself with information regarding prospective emigrants who had been turned down under the quota regulations, and, getting in touch with them, he unfolded a plausible story.

In his privileged position as chief steward of the *Majestic*, he confided, he had certain facilities whereby he could overcome the quota restrictions, and for a consideration he could guarantee an unquestioned passage and free landing in the United States.

Not a grasper

One of the victims so approached is a man now living in Southampton. Clipstone made an appointment with him, and after preliminary discussion undertook to obtain all necessary documents to enable him to sail within a few days.

His fee, he pointed out, was £50, inclusive. He himself, he declared, was not of a grasping disposition, but he was obliged to charge this figure because there were so many expenses he had to incur.

At the same time, he was willing to do all he could for intending emigrants, and would be satisfied with a deposit of £20 now, provided the Southampton gentleman would give a definite undertaking to pay him the balance promptly upon his arrival in America.

His apparent generosity inspired confidence, and the gentleman, not having £20 in ready money, wrote an appealing letter to a near relative in London, who, in order to give him the great chance that seemed before him, wired the money by return.

It was handed over to Clipstone, who, with a remarkably business-like air, promptly produced a typewritten agreement, which confirmed the arrangement to the other's satisfaction, and informed him that the date of sailing would be notified later, when his officially signed documents would be ready for his use.

Find him

But once he had parted with his borrowed £20, the Southampton gentleman heard nothing more from the genial Mr. Clipstone, who, meanwhile, had departed from the neighbourhood, leaving the local police to investigate several complaints from people who had paid him varying sums in similar circumstances.

Clipstone, of course, is an impudent impostor.

He is certainly not chief steward of the *Majestic*, and has no right to misuse the name of this famous liner in the manner above described.

He is well known to the police as a confidence trickster who operates in several names, and the documents he utilises to inspire confidence in his emigrant dupes are all forgeries, which is hardly surprising, in view of the fact that he is known to the American police as well as Scotland Yard as a forger of great ability.

How long?

How long will John Clipstone, alias John Sidney Clark Clipstone, be permitted to carry on his despicable and mean frauds upon poor people seeking to make a fresh start in a new land?

DON'T PLAY GOLF *on a Sunday!*

Hints from Sir Wyndham Childs

DO you play tennis or golf on Sunday? Don't — because Charles I, in the year of grace 1665, brought in an Act of Parliament which prohibited any "meetings, assemblies or concourse of people on the Lord's Day for any sports or pastimes whatever."

There is another "horrible" clause in that Act which prohibits you from kicking a football on a Sunday under pain of a fine of 3s. 4d.

* * *

Another thing—don't dare to mention on a Sunday that you have papers to sell—no, not even the "JOHN BULL Summer Annual" (out on Friday, July 5), for, says an ancient "Act," you may be fined forty shillings.

Every free Briton will enjoy "Some Laughable Laws," by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, in the "JOHN BULL Summer Annual"—a holiday budget of fun for sixpence.

"Butler left his own barge . . . simply to do a kindness to another man." Now his child (inset) is not only fatherless, but living in poverty

Judge Moore was sympathetic. But sympathy is not enough

A Very Gallant BARGEE

FEW women can have found themselves in such a tragic plight as Mrs. Maud Butler, who lives in a single room in Cahir Street, Millwall, in the South-East of London.

She is face to face with adversity, simply because she is the widow of a man who lost his life in going to the assistance of a stranger.

This may seem a strong assertion; but we consider that the facts fully justify it.

Her late husband, Charles Edwin Butler, was only twenty-five years of age when he met his death. He was a lighterman in the employ of Messrs. W. T. Beaumont and Sons, of Mark Lane, London.

In July of last year he was on board one of his employer's barges at Fennings Wharf, a notorious danger-spot on the river Thames, beset with eddies and currents.

A spring to death

Another barge lay near by, and both were moored alongside a steamer for the purpose of receiving its cargo.

Hearing a sudden shout for aid, Butler saw that a stevedore had been caught between a ladder hanging from the steamer and the other barge.

He took in the gravity of the situation at a glance, and saw that the unfortunate man could not possibly extricate himself from his peril without assistance.

Butler instantly sprang from his own vessel to the man's assistance; but in trying to drag him to safety he lost his balance and both men were flung into the river. The stevedore was rescued, but Butler was unfortunately drowned.

Mrs. Butler's grief on learning her husband's fate can be imagined. But, although her husband gave his life to save another, she has been left quite unprovided for.

She was advised to sue for compensation, and did so. In fact, her claims were considered before Judge Moore at Southwark County Court last March.

She was ill-advised to go to court. Although she received the full sympathy of the judge, it was decided that no claim could be entertained under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

It was recognised that her husband had sacrificed his life heroically, but his gallant act had not been performed in the course of his everyday duties.

Moreover, he had left the vessel upon which he was employed, and fell to his death from a barge belonging to another company.

The considered judgment of His Honour Judge Moore is well worth quoting in full, but space will only permit of a short extract.

"He (Butler) left his own barge, not for the purpose of doing any work for his employers or even to promote their interests in any way; but simply to do a kindness to another man who was not even a fellow-servant.

"Therefore, much as I sympathise with his widow and child, I am unable to hold that the accident to the deceased arose out of and in the course of his employment."

That is the cold truth. Mrs. Butler can claim no compensation whatever. She must struggle on and fend for her child as best she can.

"Simply to do a kindness." There is a wealth of pathos and tragedy in that phrase.

The Watermen, Lightermen, Tugmen and Bargemen's Union, of which Butler was a member, holds the view that, apart from the claims of common humanity, work on the river would be much more difficult and dangerous if workmen refused to help one another in an emergency.

The union believes, too, that Butler acted unflinchingly, and without a moment's hesitation, in going to the aid of a stranger. Accordingly, it is sponsoring a special appeal on behalf of his widow and child.

No time for heroism

This case may be exceptional. But if men are to be penalised for performing heroic acts simply because those acts are not part and parcel of their duty, the fine tradition of comradeship among British working men is placed at a premium.

Is every man who sees another mate in distress to pause and put himself through a catechism before stepping in to save the other's life?

Must he say: "Now, let me see, am I leaving my work to do this? And shall I sacrifice all my claims to compensation if I go to save the life of that stranger five yards away?"

We feel that this is splitting hairs much too finely, and although we respect the letter of the Workmen's Compensation Act, we hold that the claims of humanity should overrule everything else.

Mrs. Butler is the widow of a hero. That she and her child should be left to face starvation is rank injustice.

OLD LADY—"That young man must be a very 'eavy smoker!"

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES **10** *for* **6d.** **20** *for* **11½d.** *Also* **5** *for* **3d.**

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Another £500 X-Word appears on page 32. Try Your Skill NOW!

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The KING'S Right Hand

by A. G. GARDINER

PUBLIC interest will be centred this week-end on the Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey, the occasion of which is His Majesty's return to health.

It is many years since such an event has summoned the citizens of London and the representatives of all the nations of the earth to worship and solemn rejoicing.

Thanksgiving services there have been within the memory of most of us; but they were services in commemoration of the splendours of Victoria's unprecedented reign, and had in them no touch of the peculiar emotion with which next Sunday's celebration will be charged.

For the nearest parallel to that emotion we must go back nearly sixty years, to the day when the recovery of the present King's father from imminent peril set all the bells of the metropolis ringing, and occasioned a demonstration of public affection the echoes of which still linger in the minds of those of us who can recall it.

Our common bond

Not since then has the country been so moved by any personal happening to the Royal House as it has been by the event that is the subject of Sunday's thanksgiving. That event has touched the public heart with singular poignancy and has brought the King very near to us.

It is the misfortune of royal personages that they have to live in an atmosphere of ceremonial and aloofness that seems to separate them from our common humanity, and it is only such an ordeal as that through which the King has passed that reminds us that monarchs are vulnerable mortals even as we are, and that behind the glittering pomp and circumstance of office they have their private sorrows even as we have.

It is this reminder of the common human bonds which make all the difference of rank and function so irrelevant and unimportant that explains the remarkable wave of public sympathy with the King which reaches its culmination in the thanksgiving ceremonial.

If the spirit in which the nation approaches that celebration is less unrestrained than it would otherwise be, it is because the King's recovery is less unequivocal than we could have hoped.

He has been spared to us, and for that mercy we shall return thanks with sincere hearts, not only for the purely selfish reason that the King's recovery saves the nation from a great and disturbing change, but for deeper motives more definitely associated with the character of the King himself.

It needs little imagination to conceive what might have happened in the tremendous years through which the world has passed since George V. became king if we had had the misfortune to have an adventurous, ambitious or irresponsible monarch on the throne.

An eventful reign

His reign has covered the most world-shattering event in history—a war that has swept all the great Continental dynasties on to the dust-heap and has reshaped the political boundaries of the world.

Nor is this all.

His reign has witnessed in this country the emergence of a new democratic power that has politically shifted the whole centre of gravity in the nation.

Unwisely handled, either of these events was fraught with possible disaster. Not only the monarchy, but constitutional government itself might have been wrecked.

But not only have these perils been avoided; both the monarchy and Parliamentary government have come out of the storm more firmly rooted in the confidence of the people than they have ever been.

The debt we owe

The functions of the Crown have been accommodated to the new spirit of the time, and Constitutionalism has been established on a basis that makes us invulnerable to revolutionary Sovietism on one side or reactionary Fascism on the other.

It was the sense of the wide and moderating part which the King has played in these violent times and in this great transition which was the true explanation of the surprising ebullition of public feeling evoked by his illness.

And it is that consciousness of our debt to him that will be uppermost in the mind of the nation in next Sunday's thanksgiving.

But though the King has been spared to us, it would be affectation to pretend that he has been restored to us in the fullness of his powers.

We all wish it had been so, but the long process of convalescence and the recent recurrence of trouble in the lung deny us the satisfaction of regarding his recovery as complete.

How far that is from being the case is evident from the extreme limits imposed upon him in connection with the coming celebrations.

His anxiety to keep faith with people and to join them in thanksgiving that this realm has been saved at so critical a time from a misfortune that might have threatened its tranquillity has been respected.

But he is to be restricted to the barest fulfilment of his wish, and his stay in London will only be sufficient to permit of his presence at the Thanksgiving Service.

We may assume that his professional advisers are satisfied that no undue risks are being taken; but the severity of the limits put upon his activities is indicative of the slow progress he is making and the slender prospect there is of His Majesty's return to the full exercise of his exacting duties.

It is the now regretfully accepted fact that he must be spared from those labours that is giving rise to much discussion in the inner councils of the nation as to how the interests of the King and the country alike can best be served.

Just as we say in regard to Parliament that whatever happens to Parties "the King's Government must be carried on," so we say in regard to the monarch that whatever his disabilities the kingly functions have to be performed. They are being performed up to now, and they will continue to be performed, by expedients which are improvised and temporary.

A vital question

But as the days lengthen into weeks and the weeks into months and the prospect of the King being restored to full activity is indefinitely delayed, it becomes increasingly doubtful whether the situation should not be frankly faced and a Regency provided until such time as the King is completely himself again.

Such a course would relieve him of the anxiety which the present system must provoke in him and would provide him with the first essential to complete recovery—a composed and undisturbed frame of mind.

And he is happily provided with a substitute who could carry out his duties during his absence in his own spirit and with the entire good will and support of the nation.

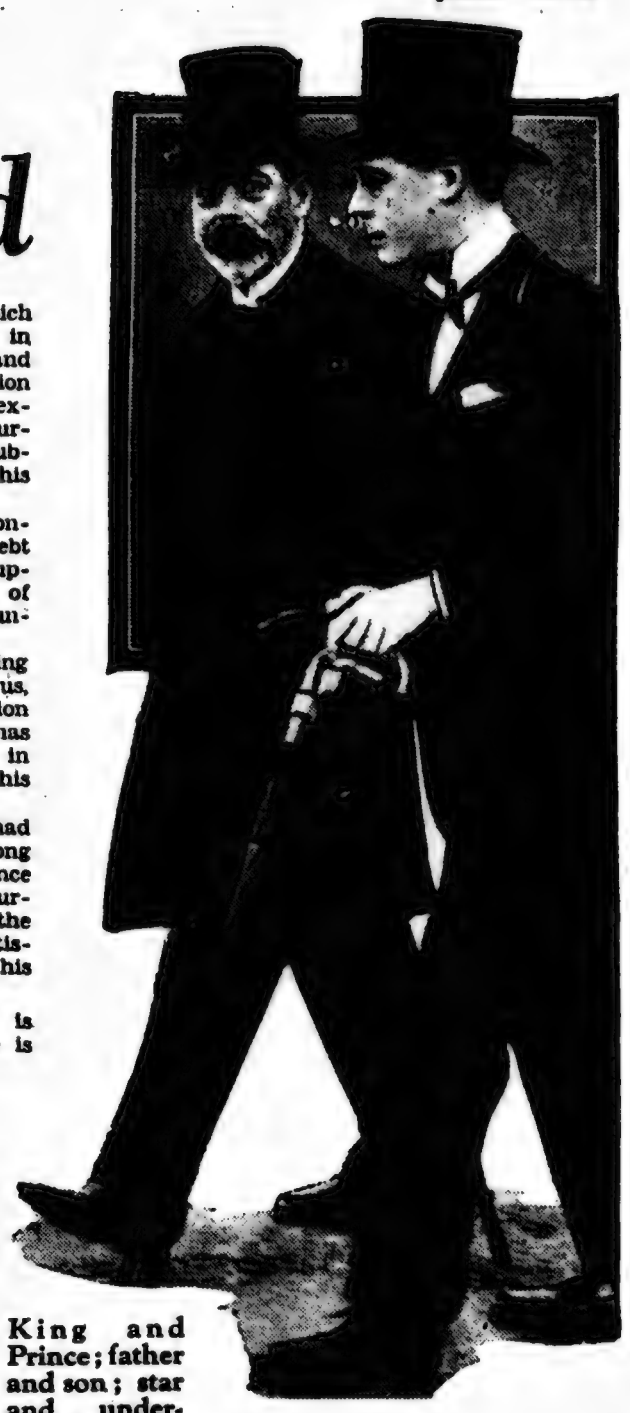
The 'prentice Prince

The Prince of Wales, whose recent birthday reminds us that he is now well advanced in manhood, has served a long and arduous apprenticeship to the monarchical profession.

He is probably the most widely travelled man in the King's dominions, and he has travelled intelligently and in the spirit of discovery. His readiness to put himself at the service of any worthy cause is notorious, and he goes nowhere without leaving pleasant memories behind him.

In only one respect has he disappointed a people who like to have their future Sovereign "settled in life"; but in this respect there is still time for penitence, and meanwhile as Regent he would have the most efficient co-operation of the Queen.

We should all hope that the period of the Regency would be brief, and it is because it offers the King that complete rest and freedom from anxiety which will most certainly promote his full recovery that it chiefly deserves serious consideration.



King and Prince; father and son; star and understudy — why not?

A Menace to MOTHERHOOD

THERE are at least fifty maternity homes in existence whose methods, to say the least, are questionable. Most of these homes specialise in "twilight sleep," which, to save expense, is seldom administered by qualified doctors.

There is a home near Leeds which employs on its nursing staff girls who ordinarily would be engaged in domestic service. It is safe to assert that the methods in vogue at this "home" will one day be investigated by a coroner's court.

Another "home," near Newcastle, was recently closed down by the authorities who, to their horror, discovered that the place was contaminated by a vile disease.

It is a miracle that children survive the rigours of their early life at a maternity home near London. The proprietress of this home, who styles herself "matron," but who has never had any hospital training, was previously engaged in running a dressmaker's business.

A doctor who was struck off the register some years ago owns a dingy establishment in a London suburb from which he derives a large income.

Scores of unmarried girls, trembling with apprehension and shame, knock at his front door with the view to obtaining succour. An ancient crone, who has no hospital experience, is the "matron" of this home. Only one nurse is employed, whose qualifications for the post are dubious.

* * *

Two babies, born in this establishment, were recently received at a special maternity clinic instituted by a leading London hospital. Both children showed signs of having been treated with gross ignorance and carelessness. One child nearly died through being given ordinary, undiluted cow's milk which had gone sour.

Stringent steps should be taken by the authorities to expose these bogus homes, which are a menace to child life. Mothers should consult a reputable doctor before selecting a home.

With the same camera!

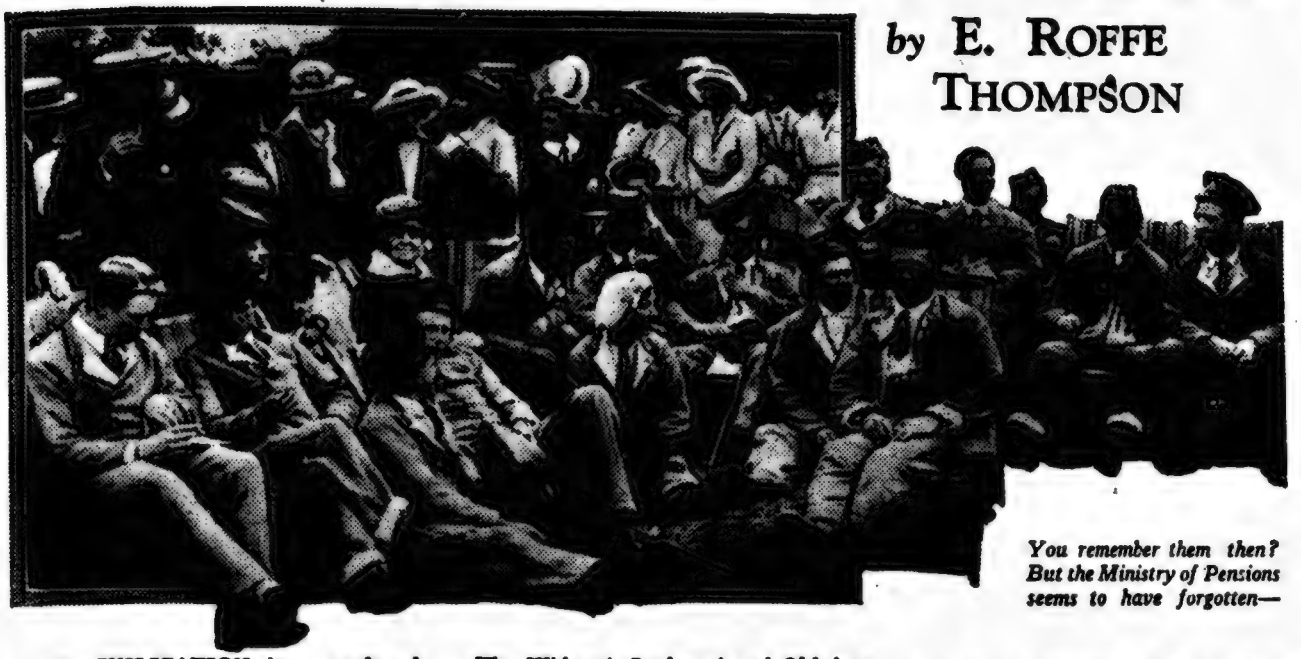
Yes, you can take long shots like this or close-ups like this with the same camera

Father's been out fishing all morning in Crellin's boat—with Crellin. There's the boat coming back into harbour. Seagulls following. Father waving. Take a long-shot of the boat. And then go down the harbour steps and get a close-up of Crellin, a real camera character study, showing the weather on his face and all the wrinkles round his merry eyes. That's what you can do with the new Portrait 'Brownie.' Long-shots as well as close-ups. The Portrait 'Brownie' has made the snap-shot a human living speaking thing, filling your album full with portraits which will stand out and talk to you face to face. No trouble. No special skill. Just come near and press the little trigger. You've got it. Not a snap this time. *A real studio study.*

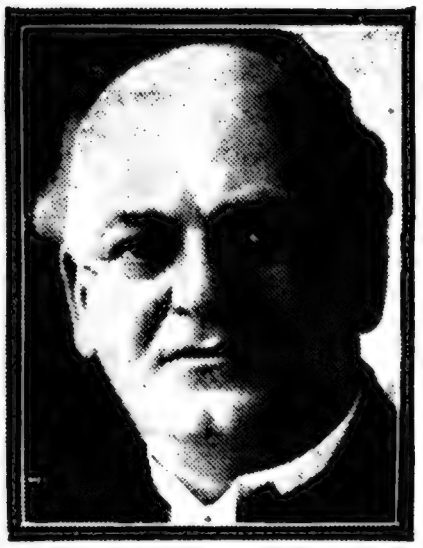
Portrait 'BROWNIE'

A GIFT THAT worries Millions

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



You remember them then? But the Ministry of Pensions seems to have forgotten—



—perhaps Mr. F. O. Roberts can manage to "think back"

CIVILISATION has produced no more urgent problem than the adequate care of the old and infirm.

The savage had a simple remedy. He recognised their uselessness and killed them.

Not being savages, we have from time to time been forced to recognise the need for some sort of pensions. They have been given grudgingly, fixed niggardly and administered meanly.

Take, first, the pensions awarded to the disabled soldiers.

Here is just one story which began when a disabled man wrote to JOHN BULL's Pensions Expert in September of last year. He lost his right forearm in the war, and was awarded a 60 per cent. pension of 24s. a week.

In August, 1924, he discovered that he was entitled to a 70 per cent. pension. Why he was not granted this originally is best known to the officials, who seem to spend their time devising excuses for preventing these men getting their legal rights.

He appealed, and got about a year's arrears. "I was told," he said, "that was all I could claim. Will you advise me what to do? My wife is suffering from tuberculosis. That back pay would enable me to get treatment for her."

JOHN BULL took up his case with the Ministry of Pensions and demanded the payment of the arrears to which he was entitled—and a silence fell.

At last, on January 18 of this year, a reply came: "I am directed by the Minister of Pensions to inform you that the case cannot now be reopened on a claim for arrears so many years after the claim was finally adjusted."

IT has a fine sound, hasn't it? The typical bureaucrat writing the typical letter!

The matter was taken higher up. There were more letters; there were interviews.

And on June 21 the Ministry of Pensions regretted that "owing to an oversight your previous letters have not received more prompt replies.

"The case has again been very carefully considered, and it has been found possible in the exceptional circumstances to authorise payment of the higher rate of pension with effect from September 3, 1919."

For the thousandth time the Ministry of Meanness has been forced to remedy gross injustice.

And it is going on all the time. Mr. F. O. Roberts, the new Minister of Pensions, should read a severe lesson to some of his staff.

The Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Contributors' Pensions Act of 1925 is another thing that simply bristles with hardships and anomalies.

The position can be stated quite simply—though it is anything but simple to imagine what ideas of justice or anything else brought it about.

WIDOWS' pensions, one might not unfairly assume, were granted to widows whose husbands had been unable to leave them provided for. If one did assume anything so common-sense as that, one would be wrong.

A Chinese puzzle has to be worked out first. Thus, the widow of an insured man who died before January 4, 1926, is not entitled to a pension unless she had a child under the age of fourteen living at that date.

In any case the pension ceases when the youngest child is fourteen and a half.

Don't ask me why. I can't tell you.

On the other hand, as lawyers are fond of saying, the widow of a man under the age of seventy on January 4, 1926, who died on or after that date, is entitled to a pension of 10s. a week for life, irrespective of whether there are any children.

That is not all. The widow of a man who attained the age of seventy before January 4, 1926, and who died after that date, is not entitled to a pension unless she had a child under fourteen living at the date of her husband's death.

In any case, this pension also ceases when the youngest child is fourteen and a half years old.

It sounds rather funny; in reality it is tragic in the extreme.

Up to March 7, 1929, 62,416 applications for widows' pensions, of which 44,773 related to widows whose husbands died before the commencement of the Act, were rejected in England and Wales.

Up to March 14, 1929, 8,109 widows had been refused pensions in Scotland.

It does not need a statesman to see that this sort of thing has got to be remedied.

Here, for instance, is a woman whose husband had paid his National Health contributions from the beginning of the Act. He died in 1923, leaving his wife, an invalid, quite unable to work to support herself. She gets no pension. Her husband died too soon.

Here is another widow. She is paralysed, and quite unable to work for herself. Her husband died in 1925. But there was no young child. So there is no pension.

On the other hand, here is a young widow of thirty-two, strong and healthy, earning a good salary—and also getting a pension of 10s. a week because her husband died after January 4, 1926.

Isn't it obvious that the whole thing is a glaring mass of injustice?

There are something like 30,000 widows who lost their pensions when their youngest child attained the age of fourteen and a half.

IF only their husbands had lived until the first minute of January 4, 1926, and had been under the age of seventy at that date, they would have had pensions for life.

It takes a politician to think out an Act like that. Such tortuous juggling with human happiness would never occur to the common-sense of the ordinary man.

And what is all this incredible niggardliness about? After all, widows' and orphans' pensions account only for 1½d. out of every 20s. ground out of the taxpayer, while the interest on the war debt takes 9s. 7½d.

I think we could afford a bit more without going bankrupt. Especially when we give a Field-Marshal's widow £300 a year for life, a General's widow £225 a year for life, and an out-of-work Admiral £3 1s. 5d. a day.

When we come to the old-age pension words fail. Meanness is no adequate description.

The wife of an insured man who was over the age of sixty-five, but under the age of seventy, on January 2, 1928, qualifies for her old-age pension in right of his insurance at sixty-five; but if the man reached the age of seventy before that date, his wife cannot obtain the pension until she also is seventy.

The number of wives thus penalised through a piece of sheer arbitrary legislation is estimated to be no fewer than 45,000.

AND if you are in receipt of an old-age pension under the Acts of 1908-1924, take care no kindly relative gives you any extra assistance. It is all calculated and assessed as "means."

They even, if they can, estimate the value of free meals when calculating how much pension you may have.

"Gifts of any kind"—their own words, mark you—are reckoned as "means." I doubt if meanness could go much further.

These are just some of the anomalies that the present Government is pledged to remove—and the need is clearly urgent.

The Human Machine

MAKING DREAMS WORK

ONE of the most difficult problems of life is to strike a happy medium between the real and the ideal.

The severely practical, entirely divorced from dreams and romance, is both dull and dulling; dreams, without the spur of the hard facts of practical life, are sterile. It is both in combination that gets things done.

"When I am asked about the future of wireless," said Signor Marconi the other day, "my imagination does not take wings and fly to other planets millions of miles away. Why should I waste my time on that when I can serve a more useful purpose? I try to work towards more available goals."

And, although he was talking only about his own speciality of wireless, he went on to make one of the most profound remarks made for a long time: "Instead of trying to communicate by wireless with Mars," he said, "I think it would be much more useful to reduce the cost of what we have already achieved."

That is a wonderful example of a dreamer bringing his dreams down to earth and making them work—and a dream until it works is nothing but a dream.

There would be something spectacular in communicating with Mars—if there is anyone there with whom to communicate. There would be something dazzling in a trip to the moon—if there was anything to see and any hope of return. But how would it benefit the plain man?

There would be something less spectacular but far more useful in any idea that would ease the difficulty of living for millions of ordinary people.

That is what Signor Marconi meant; and that is really the Golden Quest.

570,000,000

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sold since they were first introduced but a few months ago! .... This shows that

the public know

REAL VALUE

12 for 6D

As big and as good as any 10 for 6d cigarettes

Uncle Sam: "No one can play in my garden."
John Bull (preparing to open the pie): "And who the deuce cares?"

Two Sides to Every Wall!

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

WITH the advent of the new American Tariff, the British Empire is presented with the chance of its lifetime. The tremendous increase in protective duties which it foreshadows is going to inflict heavy injury on the trade of all the Dominions, and on this country in particular. Yet there is a sound defence if only we will take it.

It may sound paradoxical to advocate Free Trade as a weapon with which to fight Protection, but that is the way out.

Complete Free Trade within the Empire as a first step towards the evolution of an economic United States of Europe would more than meet the menace that is now threatening us.

America can, for the moment, afford to do pretty much what she likes.

She is not dependent on anyone for very much. How she is going to receive her debt payments, however, if she shuts out the goods that are the only means of paying is a problem that will worry her a lot before it is solved.

Meanwhile, practically the whole of the rest of the world is protesting violently to Washington without any hope whatever of effecting a revision.

Free Trade within the Empire is not a mere vision; it is a very practical possibility.

The resources of this country and the Empire are tremendous and almost incalculable.

WE own more than 60 per cent. of all the rubber and wool in the world; we control 70 per cent. of the world's supply of tea; we control 70 per cent. of the gold output; we own 60 per cent. of the tin and 70 per cent. of the nickel; we own no less than 99 per cent. of the world's jute, 40 per cent. of the cotton spindles, and much of the world's oil.

We produce the best coal in the world and possess 50 per cent. of its shipping.

In face of this, it is nothing short of insanity to play at cut-throat economics when by pooling resources and going all out for inter-Empire trade we could snap our fingers at America and everyone else.

We are as convinced as we ever were that prosperity can only be attained by pulling down tariff walls and sweeping away all obstacles to the free flow of international trade, and we see no reason why a start should not be made in our own family, as it were.

There is far more involved than mere self-protection against the growing financial and economic domination of America. It is the surest and quickest way of speeding up Dominion migration and Colonial development.

Co-operation in trade means assured markets, and these mean an ever-growing ability on the part of our Dominions to absorb emigrants from Britain.

The next few months will prove whether statesmen or merely politicians are guiding the destinies of the Empire.

* * *

IT is not so very long ago that we protested strongly against the practice that apparently obtains in the Post Office of depriving its servants of their pension on conviction in a court of law.

We were not alone. Many eminent men followed our lead.

Un-British Practice

Now it has happened again, and another postman, as well as receiving punishment from a judge, is also to be punished by his employer.

We still fail to see the justice of it. These pensions are not charitable gifts. They are, in essence, deferred pay.

It is no part of the law that conviction, even for so serious an offence as stealing letters containing money, should enable the Postmaster-General to confiscate this deferred pay.

Nor is it British justice that enables the Postmaster-General to supplement the sentence of the court with an additional punishment of his own.

There should be a speedy end to anything so grossly un-English.

"THE housing problem," said the president of the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives recently, "is, like most of our problems, a poverty one, and all we can do must be in the nature of palliatives." We disagree profoundly. It is not that the housing problem is a poverty one, but that poverty itself is the problem.

Go to the Root

It is a problem that has baffled the world for centuries. Maybe it really is that the world has never yet made a serious attempt to solve it.

It is true that the housing problem and a lot of others spring from the fact that millions of our people are living in poverty; but it should be the aim of any decent society to regard poverty as a root disease and eradicate it.

We have yet so to organise society that every man, woman and child is assured of decent shelter, good food and adequate clothing. If we ever made a serious attempt to solve that problem most of the others would be solved with it.

THE economic crisis through which we have been so long passing has never been due to any lack of ability to produce. The trouble has always been to secure the proper distribution of what is produced.

It applies to houses no less than to more consumable goods. Yet we are still wallowing in the fallacy that the way to make things better is to reduce wages.

Adequate distribution can only be assured when scientific reorganisation has enabled wages to be raised and production costs to be lowered.

It will puzzle future commentators on the twentieth century to explain how our business men hoped to sell more goods by a steady policy of reducing the ability of their customers to buy them.

GEE! Is this Engl

" . . . they aim to dress like Clara Bow"

ONE hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the 4th of July, the American Colonies broke away from the Mother Country. America is now independent of us. Why are we so dependent on America?

For the American nation the people of Britain have nothing but the warmest regard and the keenest admiration. We never think of our "cousins" as foreigners. And if the Prime Minister sails for Washington he will take with him the sincere wishes for the complete success of his mission from every responsible British man and woman.

This is not intended, therefore, as a criticism of our good friends "across the pond." Rather, it is a criticism of ourselves.

Time brings changes. But when the changes that are taking place in England to-day are almost entirely American changes, have we not only ourselves to blame?

The big idea

When old-established British institutions give place to new American notions, is it not the fact that in nine cases out of ten there are no new British institutions on the spot in time?

That the most sensational changes *are* taking place throughout our country it would be senseless to deny. Every day and in every way we are becoming more and more American.

Where is the Englishman who does not eat, at least, once a day, some kind of American food?—grape-fruit, canned peaches, packet oats and wheat. All are American products. What is more important, *they are an American idea.*

With American food we drink American drinks. And even more significant is the fact that we *demand* American drinks.

"Manhattan highballs" are not easy to procure in Manhattan. But you can get them without any difficulty down in Kent, in little wayside inns under chestnut trees—inns that Dickens knew and used to write about.

The rustics who frequent these old English inns on summer evenings say "Sure" when they mean "Yes." Sometimes you may hear them address their wives and sweethearts as "Kid" and "Baby."

Twenty years ago these wives and sweethearts would have called a new dress "sweet." Now they call it "cute."

Lord Bledisloe is getting the limelight just now through wanting us to go in for national parks on the approved American plan, making a start with the Forest of Dean.

And, of course, our most efficient and prosperous business men have been for a long time advocating American methods for winning success. They copy the American ways themselves, and are quite pleased about it.

Only in old-fashioned business-houses are the daily letters known as the "post." Go-ahead Britishers always refer to the "mail."

The dictaphone, the telephone, the card-filing system and the typewriter are but four examples of the way in which our offices have become Americanised in recent years.

And it isn't merely that we accepted the idea of these things from "way over." We purchase the actual articles. Every year, for instance, we buy some tens of thousands of pounds' worth of American typewriters.

They showed us how, and then they did it for us!

Thirty years ago the late Lord Northcliffe set out to Americanise Fleet Street. He succeeded. The English newspaper stands a poor chance to-day if it does not run American "scare" headlines, short "snappy" paragraphs and great slabs of pictures.

Great English business firms, such as Boots the Chemists and the Vauxhall Motor Company, are American-owned.

And didn't it require that most enterprising of Americans, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, to turn Oxford Street into a success?

In his new Americanised factory over here, Mr. Ford plans to turn out 200,000 American cars on American lines every year. He even intends to introduce his own vest-pocket edition of Prohibition.

Thousands of Englishmen use American cars in England. They are inclined to boast about them. They spend nearly £800,000 a year on them.

The influence is creeping into Parliament, too. We sometimes forget that Lady Astor, who helps to make our laws, was born and raised in Virginia.

Not very long ago, in our old-fashioned way, when we did our shopping we paid fifty pounds for fifty pounds'-worth. We don't do that now. Uncle Sam has taught us a new trick. We put a pound down and spread the rest over three years.

Five dollars down

"Own while you owe!" There's scarcely anything in England that cannot be bought for a pound down since we got this American habit.

What do our seaside bands play? What do our radio orchestras play? And in our Americanised cafes and restaurants what is our usual aid to the digestion of the American food we eat? American jazz music, every time.

"Girl" has become an obsolete word in our love-ballads. When it isn't "goil" it is "sugar" or "cutey."

A British Broadcasting Company programme that didn't contain a large dose of American syncopated songs at the piano, sung by a wide variety of American "sisters," wouldn't be like a B.B.C. programme at all.

American movies have pretty well killed the English music-hall. All our young people under the age of twenty have been brought up on American movies.

With pep

They like something with pep in it and only America seems able to give them this. Sometimes an Englishman will have a shot at it; but it has got to be a very close imitation of the American original to get over.

And so the Americanisation of Britain goes on.

When you rise to the command of an alarm clock, shave with a safety-razor, use an automatic lighter or a fountain-pen, you help in this Americanisation, for America led us to all these things.

When you board a tram or a Pullman car, if you go in for dieting or wear a Helen Wills eye-shade, if you employ a private enquiry agent or are being educated by postal course—again you pay tribute to the lead that America has over us.

Do you wear a soft collar? American again. Perhaps you did not know.

Americanisation is entering almost every phase of our daily activities.

And when we see all these American things about us, what do we see them *through*?

The English style of spectacles was good enough for England for many generations. Then a change came. Now 90 per cent. of the imperfect eyes of England look out on the world through the horn-rimmed "cheeters" of the U.S.A.

The younger generation of Britishers have come rather to despise the old English ways. An American cocktail party is the height of their ambition. Our young men copy the manners of the American young men they see in the movies. Our young women aim to dress like Clara Bow.

And if our children are in doubt about the way to speak the very best American, here are the talkies to teach them how. During the next year the talkies are going to dominate Great Britain—American talkies.

No longer do we sing "Take Me Back to London Town." We sing "The Broadway Melody." All London is singing this song in praise of New York's "great white way." Soon all Britain will be singing it.

We could have swept the movie markets of the world if we had thought out this talkie notion for ourselves, four or five years ago. We didn't. Again we let the Americans lead the way.

Since the war more than 500 American plays have been staged in London. Some, like "Broadway" and "Show Boat" and "The Bat," have had tremendous run-

Waiting for the British, "Empire," Leicester Square to show "The Broadway Melody"

Lord Ashfield learned "how" in Chicago

gland?

The American negro has captured us. Mr. Paul Robeson, the actor and singer, is an established favourite. Mr. Stephen Fetchitt, by way of the talkies, is going to be.

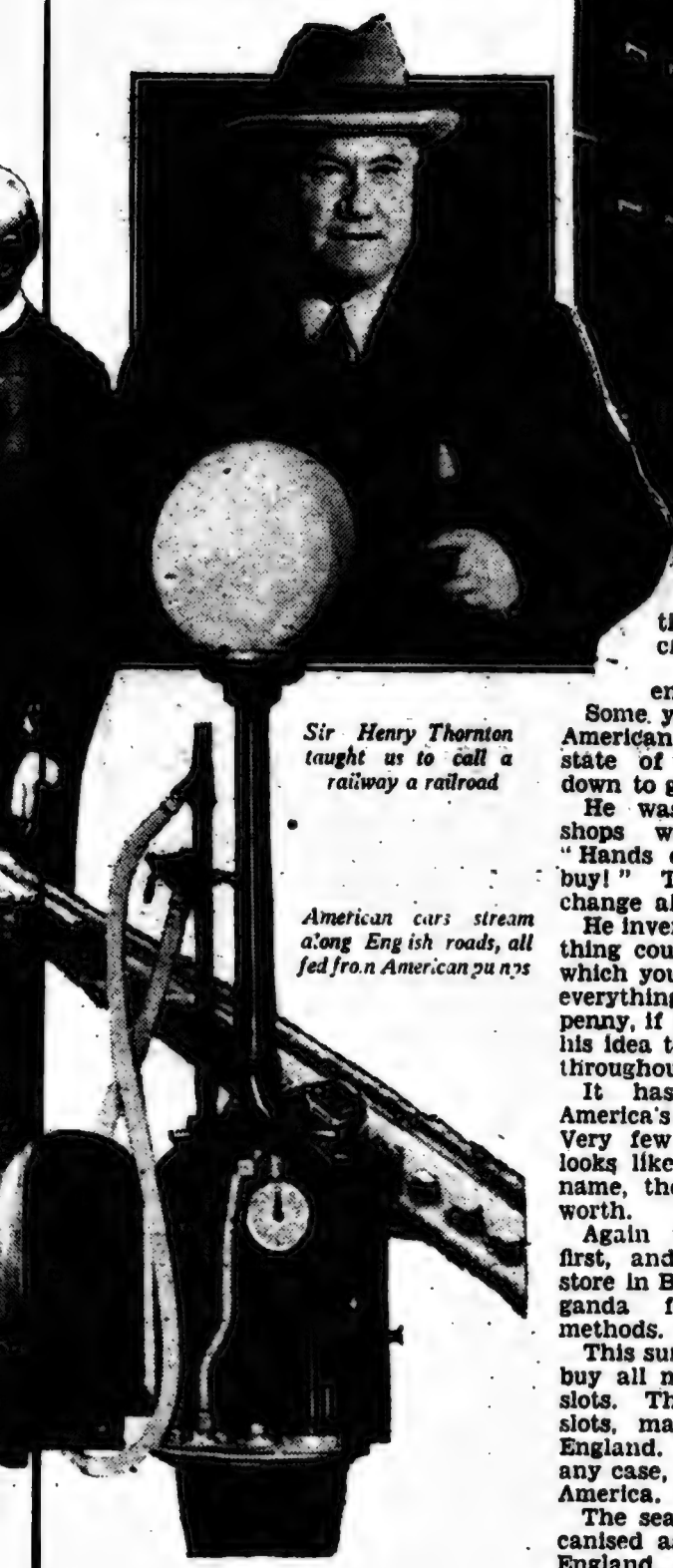
The play "Porgy" was a riot of "colour." And, of course, we would grow dizzy trying to count all the American negroes in jazz bands, cabaret acts and vaudeville.

Saviours? Payers!

Many Britishers look to the League of Nations for the salvation of mankind. Great Britain is this year paying £108,000 towards the cost of this American idea.

What is the most English institution in England? Some would say the Derby. But this year all the merry-go-rounds on Epsom Downs were playing American jazz, the gipsies and their caravans had given place to American cars, and peanut brittle had hustled the time-honoured winkle clean off the map.

There seems to be no end to it.



Sir Henry Thornton taught us to call a railway a railroad

American cars stream along English roads, all fed from American pumps

Some years ago an enterprising American, not satisfied with the state of his bank balance, sat down to get an idea. He got it.

He was used to shopping in shops where the slogan was "Hands off, unless you mean to buy!" The idea he got was to change all that.

He invented a shop where everything could be touched, and from which you could go after touching everything without spending a penny, if you wished. He brought his idea to England and spread it throughout our land.

It has made him one of America's foremost millionaires. Very few of us know what he looks like. But we all know his name, the name of F. W. Woolworth.

Again the American got here first, and now every Woolworth store in Britain is first-rate propaganda for American business methods.

This summer, by the sea, you will buy all manner of things out of slots. The things, as well as the slots, may have been made in England. And they may not. In any case, they were thought of in America.

The seaside is becoming Americanised as rapidly as the rest of England. Two-piece bathing suits, mechanical cameras that give you eight positions in eight seconds, solid ice-cream, soda fountains and sun-glasses are examples.

And the pleasure parks of Blackpool and Southend and Margate would never have existed but for New York's Coney Island.

Radio came to us from America. So did the suction sweeper and the electric iron. So did the cash-register and the adding machine. So did the cheap camera and the home kinema. And central heating. And electric refrigerators.

The "baby" aeroplane is coming over soon. Not many of us realise it, as yet. We shall realise it in another ten years.

Welcoming invaders

Of late years America has been giving us new variants of old religions—and gaining ground, too. We have the Four Square Elim Church, the Christadelphians, the Latter-Day Saints with their eighty-two churches in Britain, and the Christian Scientists with their 193 branches.

From America, to turn us from our evil ways, came Sankey and Moody, Torrey and Alexander, Judge Rutherford, Pastor Russell and Mrs. Aimee McPherson. And what a welcome we gave to them!

Six years ago we bought the petrol for our American cars out of tins. It was slow and messy. We said: "Somebody ought to think of a better idea than this." And somebody in America did. Somebody thought of the petrol-pump.

"The American negro has captured us"

This MIGHT be Broadway; but it IS Ashfield House, Westminster

America sent the idea to England—and sent the pumps as well. Ninety-nine out of every 100 petrol pumps that line the leafy lanes of old England were made in the United States. We admit that we ought to have thought of it first.

But we didn't.

And what did we know about the gnu before America taught us how to find out? We knew nothing about the gnu. Our ignorance about the gnu was little short of disgraceful until Uncle Sam set every man, woman and child in the British Isles feverishly searching for information about it.

All day and all night they went about demanding a word of three letters meaning a kind of antelope.

For the cross-word puzzle is one of the greatest of American products, and we as a nation fell for it as we seldom fall for anything.

American everything

Now that we eat American food, wear American clothes, speak the American language, read American books and magazines, go to American shows in American cars and sing American songs, it seems the natural thing that we should live in American houses.

And this, beyond doubt, is what we are coming to.

The newest parts of London's business centres look like the lower end of Fifth Avenue. Bush House is American from top to toe, and there are hundreds like it. Kingsway and Aldwych might have been lifted out of Broadway.

Our big West End kinemas are American, and the old brown mansions of exclusive Park Lane are being swept away to make room for giant American flats for millionaires.

From St. James's Park one catches a glimpse of a baby skyscraper away to the south near Victoria Station, a gleaming white tower over the drab English roofs. It is Ashfield House, built by Lord Ashfield, head of London's Underground, who learned "how" in the days when he lived in Chicago.

Ten years ago such a building was not possible in London. To-day it stands alone. In ten years it will have dozens like it to keep it company.

By night London is—if possible—more American than by day. Even a native of Manhattan would find it difficult to point out the difference between Madison Square and Piccadilly Circus, once the lights begin to flash.

London is smokier, perhaps. But much of the smoke comes from tobacco. And most of the tobacco comes from the plantations of old Virginia.

Gee! But England is sure some place!

The Fourth of July is Independence Day. But only in the U.S.A.

5 for 10D.

Sheer enjoyment! That's what smoking Manikins means for you and me and there's no two ways about it—sweet, mellow tobacco—fragrant as a rose—mild as a May morning.

Don't miss this treat any longer—get a packet of Manikins tonight and you will be delighted you took such good advice.

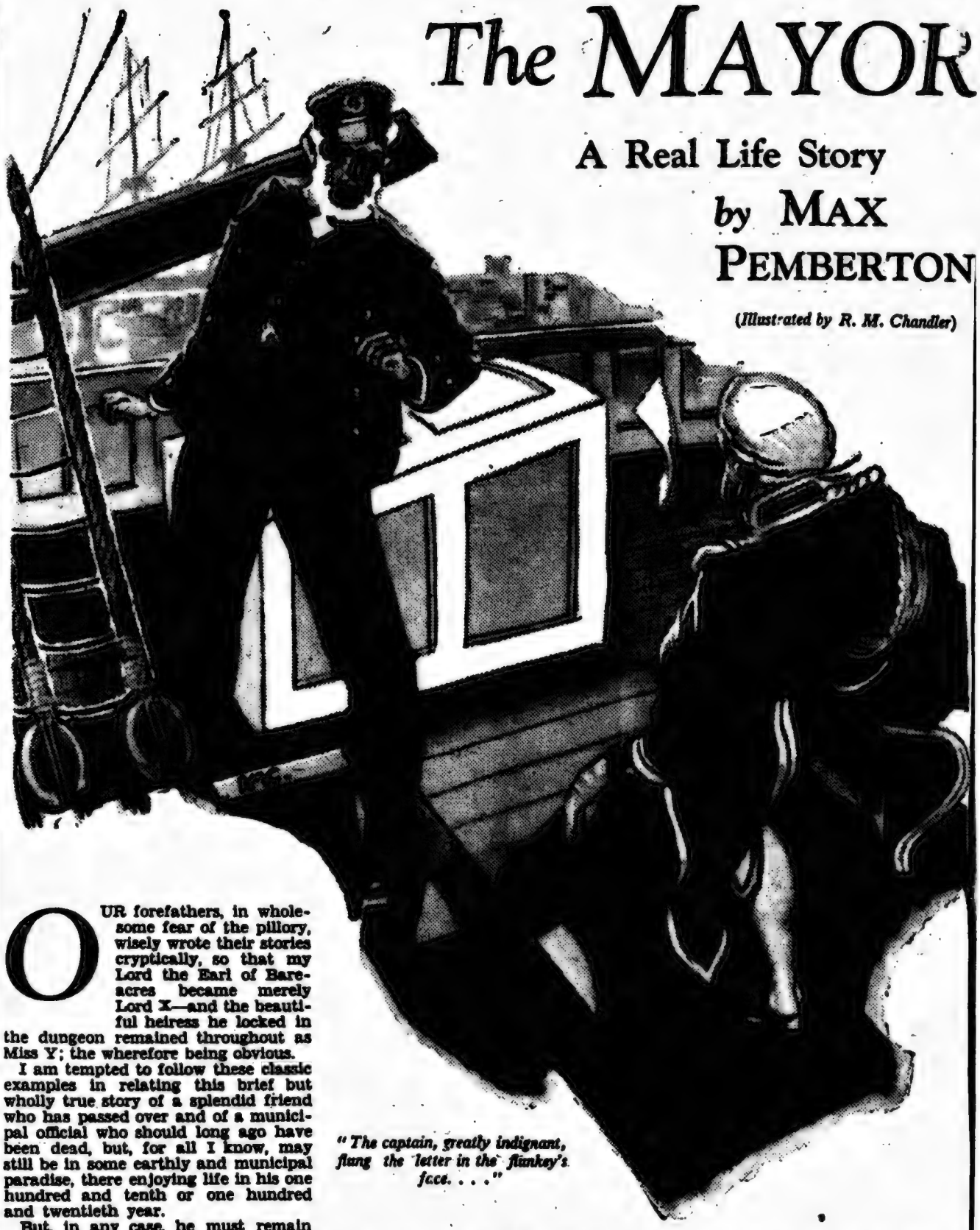
MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

The MAYOR

A Real Life Story

by MAX PEMBERTON

(Illustrated by R. M. Chandler)



"The captain, greatly indignant, flung the letter in the flunkey's face. . . ."

OUR forefathers, in wholesome fear of the pillory, wisely wrote their stories cryptically, so that my Lord the Earl of Bareacres became merely Lord X—and the beautiful heiress he locked in the dungeon remained throughout as Miss Y; the wherefore being obvious.

I am tempted to follow these classic examples in relating this brief but wholly true story of a splendid friend who has passed over and of a municipal official who should long ago have been dead, but, for all I know, may still be in some earthly and municipal paradise, there enjoying life in his one hundred and tenth or one hundred and twentieth year.

But, in any case, he must remain Mr. Mayor, as my friend shall be called "The Sailor."

He wasn't a sailor long, I would tell you. Well do I remember him as a breezy boy in Hampstead, playing cricket with my old friend A. E. Stoddart, and generally annoying elderly gentlemen by the exuberance of his own verbosity.

NEVER was he a favourite with his father, who wanted him to take up some decent profession and to starve as a barrister or a parson when all the lad's heart was set upon blue seas and green fields and those lands afar where ultimately he so distinguished himself.

So he ran away to sea, as so many boys would run when ships were ships and before smoke came out of the great liners' funnels. The owner of an honest barque consented to feed him, chiefly upon weevils and cocoa, and a first mate to flog him frequently with a rope's end.

He was then seventeen years of age, handsome beyond ordinary, gifted with a superb physique and quite able to fight the captain and his mates together, if a good sense of decency had not restrained him.

But he disliked his new friends particularly, and when the ship put into a certain port in Southern Australia, his whole soul rebelled against the superiority complex about him.

There were, however, compensations.

Not wholly forgetful of the value of friends in strange lands, the Sailor carried various letters of introduction, one of them to the mayor of the very city to which this weevily barque had come.

It was duly despatched and an answer received: "Would the Sailor honour the mayor and his family by dining at their humble home on the following evening?" The Sailor said "Yes" very promptly, and then the sorrow of it began.

He had shore-going clothes, but none of the black if airy kind in which sailors should dine with mayors. There was not money enough in his pocket to purchase something suitable that would permit the showing of a shirt-front which should be temporarily white.

Clearly, then, the mayor's meat must go uneaten. But, stay, was there not the mate, and had not that worthy locked away in the profundity of his sea-chest the very thing in which you dine with mayors—capacious, shiny, suggestive of a previous century, but sufficient for the day and the meats thereof.

The Sailor and the mate, forgetting the rope's end, shook hands upon it, and the young man set out upon hi journey.

The mayor's humble abode prove to be a house of the order palatial an the mayor himself of such extrem and honoured piety that many ol women wept at the very mention o his name.

Nevertheless, he had some taste i champagne, if not in ports (where th sailor beat him); and, two hideou daughters abetting, they made a merr night of it, so that the Sailor fell t calling the mayor "Old cock" and th mayor to murmuring "Thass all right. It was two in the morning before the broke up.

Now the captain of the ship was disciplinarian and he did not like lat hours.

HE was much displeased that "common hand" should b kow-towing with the loca aristocracy; and just to hum ble the fellow he set the Sailor t tar the rigging of the ship at th very moment when the mayor's car riage drove up to the quay and powdered footman carried a lette aboard addressed to "Lieutenan Sailor," who was supposed to be a officer of the ship's company.

The captain, greatly indignant flung the letter in the flunkey's fac

and the SAILOR

d said there was no such person oard his vessel. The Sailor, looking wn from the cross-trees, gave the nkey a brushful of tar as he ssed beneath, but did not dare to ntradict his captain.

Reluctantly the mayor, Mrs. Mayor d the two feline daughters drove ay. Perhaps they asked, as they nt along, if, after all, they had been e victims of an imposture—such a e young man, too. Nor can we ubt that the mayor prayed for him, r prayer was one of his recreations.

O the bad ship sailed away and the Sailor went sorrowing. He was poorer, he felt, by one mayor, a mayoress, and two witchingly ugly daughters, either of om he might have married.

The voyage now became more dious than ever. The Sailor himself w life whole and saw it red. He arned to say "Good-bye" to it all d to go and look for mayors in the derness.

What was this windjammer to him he to it? He answered the question the next port of call by boldly serting. And within a month he s either up or near a gum-tree, as has often told me.

In plain English, he took to the ds, and hearing that money was to made from the cultivation of the m, he glued himself to his new occu tion and stuck to it. A lonely life, he has often written.

The lonely stars watched him by ght; the sun baked him by day; and his troubled sleep, perhaps, he saw e faces of the mayor's daughters and oke with a scream. For nine long onths he hardly spoke to a white an.

So, when gum had stuck to him to e extent of one hundred and twenty od pounds, he fell to much cheerful ss of spirit; and one morning he oke to remember the world again.

What a pleasant place it was, after l. What jolly fellows; what daughters mayors, not all of them ugly.

Then the baked meats, and the wines lden in crystal glasses, and the trou rs that had no holes in the seats nd the socks with no ports for toes. ruly it made his mouth water; and at very morning he took a resolu on. He would revisit the earth.

So back to the great capital of this eat and splendid Dominion. More an a thousand miles he now was om Mr. Mayor and his pieties. Not soul did he know. The tailor he sited was the only person who bowed him.

AMONG other things, he bought a dress-suit, which really was a dress-suit and not a sombre record of a bygone century.

Then he sallied forth to eat the best nner he had enjoyed since the un rgettable evening when the mayor ssed him and the mayoral daughters ueezed his hand beneath the dining om table.

There was opera being played in the ty that night and bills everywhere oke of a very great and native singer, ho would in song describe her little dventure with the devil and her cape therefrom upon clouds which re not damp.

The Sailor remembered that "Faust" as the only opera he had ever seen England, and he thought he would uch like to see it again, for his first ima-donna had broken weighing achines and he had not seen more an half-way round her during the rformance, while this Australian dy, he argued, would possibly be on e lighter side.

So he bought himself a stall and sconced himself therein; and, hav g put his new coat over the back the chair and his new hat beneath he took a casual glance about him. So he saw the girl, and seeing her, s properly held spellbound by her auty. Truly a man needed to have en six months up a gum-tree to ap preciate the glory of that unexpected apparition.

She was very young, the Sailor told me, and her eyes were blue grey. The hair, which enchanted him, was golden, and his youth knew nothing of peroxide. She was dressed wonderfully, and upon her arms of ivory two jewelled bracelets sparkled.

Moreover, she had a smile so enchanting that it intoxicated the Sailor like a draught of new wine; and, what was more to the point, the electrifying beams were turned upon him and upon him alone. The Sailor could hardly believe that such good fortune could be true.

Where was her chaperone, then? God send the unknown old lady (or old gentleman, maybe) a fever, the Sailor prayed. He thrilled to realise that she was alone.

Meanwhile, the fiddlers were fiddling, the trumpets were blaring, the drums rolling and the Devil singing all as loudly as could be; and, in the intervals, a very sweet Marguerite was telling a very ferocious-looking Faust that she could not go to the pictures with him because she had another engagement.

The Sailor hoped that such a bad example would not affect the Venus beside him; and he really was very much annoyed with the lady on the stage for getting such a bagful of jewels when all he could offer would be a wrist-watch and, perhaps, a sailor's knot in amethysts.

Still, that was merely commercial, and, who knows, he might be loved for himself and keep what was left of his £120. "Heart to heart"—that was what he wanted. "Head to head" had not been in his programme.

Yet "head to head" it was and a devil of a crack, too, as he declared. She dropped her programme; he stooped, she stooped, to pick it up. What he said he forgot quickly; what she said was, "Oh, my poor head," and she said it deliciously.

The Sailor, of course, would have liked to kiss the place well; but that was not to be thought of in such a building, and all that he could do was to swear that such sorrow had not afflicted him since he first looked out upon a sinful world and that he would hate himself for ever. To which Venus merely said "Granted," and so they knew each other at last.

What they talked about afterwards the Sailor never remembered. Cabbages and kings, no doubt, and the iniquities of Faust who had just visited Marguerite in her home after closing-time.

THE evening went like a flash of a heavenly vision, and the end came so soon that, as the Sailor said, he hardly knew it had begun. Now he must lead her forth into the cold night and say "Adieu" or "You'll remember me," or something of that kind.

This seemed more necessary as she actually had a brougham waiting for her at the door with a horse that stepped so high you wondered if his feet were ever coming down again.

Low was the Sailor's heart then and affliction shook him. He stood to open the door of her carriage as a mute attending a burying.

"Well," said she.

"Why?" said he.

"I want some supper," said she.

"You do?" said he.

"Aren't you coming with me?" said she.

"Coming with you!" said he, all the world swimming before his astonished eyes. "Coming with you!"

"Get in," said she—unnecessarily, for he was already by her side.

* * *

NOW the Sailor says little about the events of the next ten days, and who shall blame him?

The Beautiful Lady, it appeared, had a charming villa upon the outskirts of the city, and there the mariner spent happy hours in a garden of roses beneath skies which were heavenly. The loaf of bread was not lacking, nor the jug of wine, nor "Thou beside me in the wilderness."

All was forgotten but this beautiful nymph and the Paradise in which she lived. "May it go on for ever and ever" was the Sailor's prayer. Alas! it went on for less than a fortnight. And then, one day—oh, woman, thou viper!—she was not only displeased to see him, but rather moved to some alarm by his very appearance on her door-step.

"You must go away," she said, "you must go at once. My uncle is coming from——," and she named that very city which had witnessed the Sailor's humiliation.

"Your uncle; I didn't know you had an uncle!"

"Oh, yes, yes, he is very fond of me. He buys me all these pretty things. He would be terribly jealous if he found you here—I should lose everything."

THE Sailor did not let her see the tear in his sorrowing eye, but turned slowly from the threshold, and so left her for ever.

But, none the less, he was feminine enough to hide in the shrubbery of her garden, and, so concealed, to watch uncle arrive to greet his well-beloved niece.

Shades of the Prophets!

He was none other than his old friend, the mayor, come a thousand miles or more upon a work of avuncular mercy.

The good man. He would never have forced his poor wife to undertake a journey so difficult—even in such a cause.

Next Week:

"CASHIERED"

by Liam O'Flaherty

THE KEY WITH A BLACK SOUL

"The key wouldn't turn. I took it out and examined it . . . then the reason appeared. *A portion of another key was in the lock which the last visitor had left behind*—a key with a black soul had failed to operate! Had my house been burgled . . . ?"

Jefferson Farjeon was pledged to tell the truth when he wrote "Alone With ——" for "The JOHN BULL Summer Annual."

Don't miss the "Stranger than Fiction Stories" and those which are "Funnier than Truth" in "The JOHN BULL Summer Annual," now on sale. Take it on your holidays. Price 6d.

"The Joy of Life"

"I feel it only my duty to others to let you know the benefits I have received from Kruschen Salts since my last baby was born. I used to get up every morning with a terrible headache. In fact, to put the whole thing in a nutshell, I was fit for nothing, and I had my other children to look after, so you may be able to guess what I suffered. My husband advised me to try Kruschen Salts, which I did, and I have never regretted it. I used to laugh at your adverts. as regards 'That Kruschen Feeling,' but I laugh now at the benefit I have received from your Salts. In fact I give my children a small dose of Kruschen every morning, and they are much better for it. We all have that 'Kruschen' Feeling' now."

7th May, 1929. (Mrs.) F. L., North Shields.

Kruschen is a combination of the six salts the body needs to keep it healthy and vigorous. A small dose every morning—just as much as will lie on a sixpence—taken in the breakfast cup of tea or coffee quickly restores the liver and kidneys to their proper activity.

Your eyes become brighter, colour returns to the cheeks, every function of the body is performed more efficiently. Headaches and lassitude disappear; you face life anew with the happy self-reliance that results from a healthy mind in a healthy body. Kruschen Salts make you fit and keep you fit.

Tasteless in Tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

JB

corns

on every toe
picked out, root and all

Read this further Radox triumph. This lady was a martyr to corns. On every toe of both feet corns stabbed and tortured her each step she took. "Cures" would not cure. "Pruning" only took off the top—the painless part of the corn. At last she used Radox Bath Salts. Every night she put her feet into Radox footbaths. In 14 days she had not a corn left on her feet! Read her letter:—

"I am a working woman and I have got a terrible pair of feet. I don't think there is a toe on my foot which did not have a corn or a coreny nail. I got so fed up with them I made up my mind I would try Radox Bath Salts. I used the packet last week for the first time and was able to get four very tiny corns off. This week I soaked my feet for a full half-hour in Radox, with the result I am sending you to see, as seeing is believing. Two of the corns are off the two little toes and the others are coreny nails. Once again I thank you for the relief I feel at the loss of the corns, and I hope everyone else will benefit as I have done."

Mrs. S., South Acton, London, W.3.
June 3rd, 1929.

You can get the same swift relief from Radox. When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Brings quick relief to aching feet.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per half-pound Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

JB

One blade will carry you over many days.

Instead of collecting old safety razor blades, go in for Daymark Shaving and collect foreign stamps instead. It's cheaper and less wearing to the temper.

MYATT
PATENT DAYMARK **BLADES**

For Gillette Type Razors only.

PACKETS OF FIVE **1/3** PACKETS OF TEN **2/6**

MADE IN ENGLAND. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Supplied under Government Contract to the British Army.

Sole Manufacturers:
W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd.,
Argent Works; Birmingham.

SELFRIDGE'S
BICYCLE BARGAIN

9/3 NOW

And 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase.

This wonderful 1929 Model is an entirely British product—every component part is British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished and of the very latest design. Satisfaction is assured.

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.	**STURMEY** ARCHER 3-SPEED.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.	**OILBATH** GEAR CASE.
RENOLD Half-inch PITCH CHAIN.	**VALANCED** MUDGUARDS.

CASH PRICE **£5.19.6** GUARANTEED 50 YEARS.

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SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., LONDON.

50 MILLION LEMONS

Is Sunny Sicily's contribution towards making Eiffel Tower Lemonade the world's most cooling and refreshing drink.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

Natives are brought hundreds of miles to the coast to work . . .

"Mr. Grimshaw . . . could find only one who had returned to his village"

SLAVERY STAIN *on the* UNION JACK

THERE are still at least four millions of slaves in the world to-day. China has something like two millions, and Arabia and Abyssinia a million apiece. To free them is a gigantic task. The best that we can hope to achieve is to stop the slave-raids and the slave-trading. But even this is not so simple as it seems.

Because the slave trade is an international problem, it has fallen to the lot of the League of Nations to devise a remedy. Some few years ago, at the instance of the British Government, a convention against slavery was drafted and is now in operation.

In the League Convention mention is made of "forced labour," which countries undertake to abolish "as soon as possible." This is an elastic phrase, inserted at the instance of the Portuguese Government.

By forced labour is meant taking natives from their homes and compelling them to work on roads, railways and even plantations. It is a system which is open to all manner of abuses.

* * *

For instance, in East Africa natives are brought five or six hundred miles to the coast to work in the cocoa plantations. The climate is unsuited to them; the food is strange; they fall sick and die like flies. Their "pay" is two yards of cloth a year and remission of the poll-tax.

In a recent tour of investigation, Mr. Grimshaw, the head of the Native Labour section of the International Labour Office of the League, could find only one man who had ever returned to his village.

The results of forced labour are far-reaching. In French Equatorial Africa, within a decade the population has decreased by more than half.

Husbands being separated from their wives, the birth-rate falls. Fields are left uncultivated, for the strong men are gone. Food is scarce, for the hunters have been taken away.

When the Cameroons railway was being built, the death-rate reached a figure greater by far than the death-rate in the front line during the war.

There is a road in the Congo along which passes one car a month. The car takes one white official to market. The road was made and is maintained by forced labour.

* * *

A traveller, M. André Guide, passed along it during the rains. He saw women and children labouring in deep pits dug by the roadside.

He was told casually that the sandy soil often caved in and buried a few; but what did it matter, other workers could easily be found.

In the steaming, torrential rains, he saw a gang of children, the oldest of whom could not have been more than twelve, huddled round a grass fire. They had no protection from the rain. They shivered with cold. On the march they were tied together with ropes.

Nor is Great Britain entirely innocent. Such forced labour as is permitted in our territories is regulated as strictly as possible to public needs.

But closely akin to forced labour is contract labour, and that is everywhere permitted. No individual company is allowed to force natives to work. Means have to be found to evade the laws. Contract labour is the result.

Nominally a native signs on of his own free-will to work for so long, although he is not able to read the contract.

At the end of his time he is free to return; but should he try to leave before, he commits a penal offence. He can be sent to jail. He can be fined a year's wages.

The recruiting officer is one of the danger-spots. Human cupidity overcomes all finer feelings. The Rand mines and the mines of South-West Africa are run on native labour. The average term of service is three years.

There is scarcely a chief within a radius of hundreds of miles who does not boast of a scarlet-and-gold pantomime uniform. It was a present from the recruiters.

After such a present he has no compunction against helping to persuade his tribe to put an inky thumb to contracts that they cannot read.

It is impossible to avoid compulsion of some sort or another—a chief's powers are hardly limited at all. At one kraal in Bechuanaland, the contract was explained to some forty natives, in so far as it was possible in their language. They were asked if they had any questions. There was a murmur of "Na, baas."

Suddenly a strapping fellow, who could have snapped the recruiting officer in two, could stand it no longer. He burst into tears and bellowed that he would not go. His spirit was infectious. The others refused to sign.

Five years ago conditions in South-West Africa, which the Union of South Africa holds as a mandate from the League of Nations, got out of hand. The death-rate went up to nearly 8[illegible] per cent.

The League's Mandates Commission felt impelled to ask a series of searching questions. Though the official replies are excellent examples of whitewash, the questions have had their effect, for now the death-rate is no more than normal.

Nor is the system of contract labour confined to Africa. The labour used in the tea-gardens of Assam is of this nature. Further east still, in the islands of the Pacific, a great deal of Chinese labour is imported on the same terms.

* * *

One particular island has come into the limelight. It is that of Nauru, which is Australia's mandate from the League of Nations. The value of this tiny place lies in the fact that it is composed of phosphate rock, and so is a valuable source of income from artificial manures.

So far as indentured labour may be said to work well, it does so here, for the profits are so enormous that the company can afford to make conditions good.

In New Guinea, another Australian mandate, there has been trouble with the Chinese owing to the "White Australia" policy. The whites will not work; the Kanakas will not work.

In order that work shall be done labourers have to be imported. They are Chinese. If they want to bring their wives with them, it is forbidden. The result is that a half-caste yellow and brown race is now growing up.

The tendency more and more is to let natives do the work which we Western races do not like, and for less pay. It is going even further than that. The natives are allowed to do the manufacturing processes.

Not only do they extract the ores but they superintend the refining processes. Not only do they grow the cotton, but they spin it.

* * *

Slowly the native is learning to hanker after a higher standard of life. On the Gold Coast, where the cocoa comes from, and the native is his own master, many of them have their cars.

They consume expensive gin in enormous quantities, and one of the problems of the Administration is how to prevent them rotting their constitutions.

But elsewhere we keep the native down. It is a short-sighted policy.

Signs of Progress

When little Dennis had been on Nestlé's Milk a week Dad was saying they were through the wood with him now. Mother was happier too! Good, rich, nourishing milk—milk which a baby could digest made a change that anybody could see.

And that is exactly what Nestlé's Milk is—it is milk full of cream—full of good natural nourishment. But the Nestlé's process has made one difference! It has turned this milk into a real beautiful baby milk—has made it so light and kind and innocent that it all but digests itself. Now if you are in any trouble about your baby's food—be advised—try Nestlé's Milk.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD

Later on will come the time when Baby requires a follow-on food—something more than milk. And it is here that Nestlé's Milk Food comes in. Nestlé's Milk Food will carry on the good work which Nestlé's Milk has begun. Send a card to Nestlé's, Infant Welfare Dept., 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, for full particulars of Nestlé's Milk Food.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

A *new* idea

WRIGLEY'S has found a new way to health and efficiency—relaxation of the nerves—momentary subconscious rest—relief of tension—the concentration of a freshened mind.

It's a fact. Your doctor will tell you that the act of chewing has a soothing effect on the nerves. It calms them—relaxes the whole nervous system. And complete nervous relaxation means rest for mind and body as well.

Wrigley's is also recommended by doctors and dentists because it cleanses the teeth and mouth as nothing else can. Taken after meals, Wrigley's aids digestion—removes all trace of eating, drinking or smoking—and sweetens the breath.

Health and efficiency demand the regular use of Wrigley's. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

WRIGLEY'S
WRIGLEY'S P.K. CHEWING SWEET SUGAR COATED PEPPERMINT FLAVOUR
1D PER PACKET
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING SWEET SUGAR COATED MINT LEAF FLAVOUR
E.J. 4.

Why JULY DAYS are Dog Days

IN July dogs begin to feel the effects of summer. Nature has not protected the dog against heat and in his natural state the dog escaped from very hot weather by roaming.

The dog's skin is non-porous and his blood overheats rapidly, upsetting the stomach and making the liver sluggish. Unless his blood is kept clean and pure he becomes listless, scratches excessively, or goes off his food.

Your dog will avoid these "hot weather miseries" if you give him Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders NOW. These powders cool and purify the dog's blood and tone up the whole system, particularly the stomach and liver and put the dog in fine, robust condition. All famous Breeders use Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders.

Lady Evelyn Holder, whose *Hertlebury* Pekingese are very much admired, writes: "*I have always found Bob Martin's Condition Powders of great value in keeping my Pekingese in good condition.*"

On Sale at all good Dog Biscuit Shops and Chemists. 6d. per packet of 9 powders.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

Since 1892 the best-known Doggie Remedy.

Made in 3 strengths: LARGE (for Big Dogs) MEDIUM (for Terriers) SMALL (for Toy Dogs and Puppies).

Bob Martin, Ltd., Union Street, Southport.

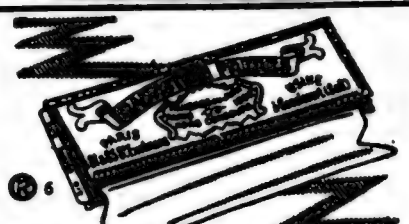
2/6 gets you out of your fix!

You want a cycle—a good cycle—a reliable cycle—to ride now. Then get a Mead—you couldn't do better. Guaranteed for ever. Sent carriage paid direct from Factory. **15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL** Prices from £3 19s. 6d. cash. Easy terms from 2/6 down and nothing more to pay for a month

Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue of 20 New Models

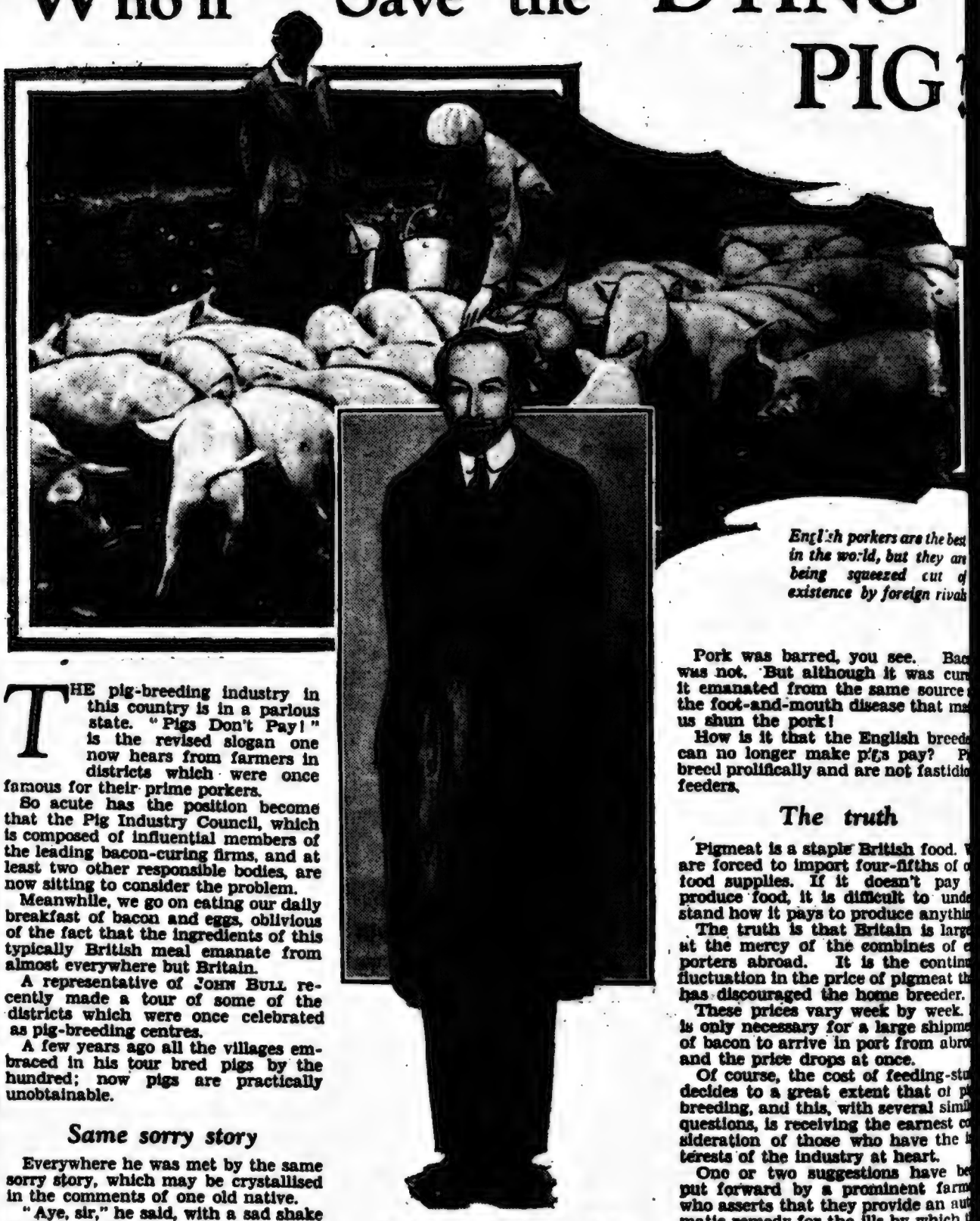
Mead

(Dept. B750) BIRMINGHAM



OUT IN A FLASH—
ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS

Who'll Save the DYING PIG?



English porkers are the best in the world, but they are being squeezed out of existence by foreign rivals

THE pig-breeding industry in this country is in a parlous state. "Pigs Don't Pay!" is the revised slogan one now hears from farmers in districts which were once famous for their prime porkers.

So acute has the position become that the Pig Industry Council, which is composed of influential members of the leading bacon-curing firms, and at least two other responsible bodies, are now sitting to consider the problem.

Meanwhile, we go on eating our daily breakfast of bacon and eggs, oblivious of the fact that the ingredients of this typically British meal emanate from almost everywhere but Britain.

A representative of JOHN BULL recently made a tour of some of the districts which were once celebrated as pig-breeding centres.

A few years ago all the villages embraced in his tour bred pigs by the hundred; now pigs are practically unobtainable.

Same sorry story

Everywhere he was met by the same sorry story, which may be crystallised in the comments of one old native.

"Aye, sir," he said, with a sad shake of his head, "I can remember the time when everyone round about here had a litter of pigs at the bottom of his garden and a side of bacon hanging in his kitchen. But you won't see them nowadays. Feeding costs too much. It don't pay to keep pigs, sir."

Well, the pigsties are still to be seen at the end of most gardens, but most of them have fallen into disrepair. Our representative saw a bicycle in one, garden tools in another and a motor-cycle in a third.

One farmer was able to shed an interesting sidelight on the problem. A year or two ago, when a famous bacon-curing firm sent out an SOS for more home-bred pigs, this farmer decided to respond to the call.

The market price was then 14s. a score, so the farmer bred a special batch of pigs and proceeded to fatten them up for the market.

By the time they were ready, however, the market price had dropped to 12s. a score, and he lost money on the experiment.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture, and consider the figures for last year relating to the production of bacon and the importation thereof.

We got 5,367,395 cwts. from Denmark; 537,744 cwts. from America; and 1,055,765 cwts. from the Netherlands. Large quantities were also imported from Russia, Sweden and Latvia.

The Rt. Hon. Noel-Buxton, M.P., Minister of Agriculture, smiles. Has he a tonic for our dying pigs?

Against this our colonies contributed only 1,435,664.

The comparative figures show that we have been dependent upon other countries for more than two-thirds of our pigmeat, having imported 10,626,000 cwts., to say nothing of 392,000 live pigs and an unknown quantity of canned pork.

One of the best equipped and largest bacon-curing factories in Great Britain is very slack at the moment, and has been so for some time. Hundreds of men are idle. The buyers cannot obtain pigs.

Sinister side

Another aspect of the problem reveals a somewhat sinister side. On June 2, 1926, an embargo was placed on the import of fresh pork into this country from the Continent owing to the fact that large quantities so imported were found to be infected with foot-and-mouth disease.

What happened? In the following year our imports of bacon leapt up remarkably. Where we had previously imported 5,754,779 cwts. of bacon, we now imported 7,526,144 cwts.

Pork was barred, you see. Bac was not. But although it was cur it emanated from the same source the foot-and-mouth disease that ma us shun the pork!

How is it that the English breed can no longer make pigs pay? P breed prolifically and are not fastidi feeders.

The truth

Pigmeat is a staple British food. are forced to import four-fifths of food supplies. If it doesn't pay produce food, it is difficult to unde stand how it pays to produce anythi

The truth is that Britain is larg at the mercy of the combines of porters abroad. It is the contin fluctuation in the price of pigmeat th has discouraged the home breeder.

These prices vary week by week. is only necessary for a large shipme of bacon to arrive in port from abro and the price drops at once.

Of course, the cost of feeding-stu decides to a great extent that of p breeding, and this, with several simil questions, is receiving the earnest co sideration of those who have the i terests of the industry at heart.

One or two suggestions have be put forward by a prominent farm who asserts that they provide an aut matic remedy for the ills by which t industry is now beset.

He suggests that all flour used baking purposes should contain 20 cent. of flour milled from Engli wheat; that all imports of cereals i this country should be in grain form order that the wheat may be mill here and the cattle-feeding stuffs e tracted. At present we purchase flo and feeding-stuffs separately.

Something drastic

How far these suggestions are pr ticable we are not in a position to s but it is perfectly clear that someth drastic must be done if the p breeding industry is to be saved.

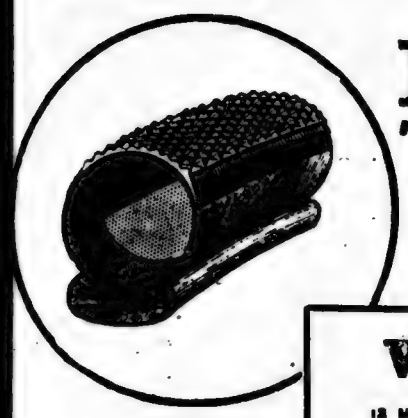
There can be no doubt that foreign combines operate in such manner as to starve us for a wh until the price increases, when th flood the market.

Too often, we fear, our prime cut York ham or Wiltshire bacon be its career nosing around a farmy in Connecticut or Ohio, or on the fl between the dykes in the Nether lan They were only cured in this countr

Given a fair chance, our farm could and would produce pigs on extensive scale, and the home por would come into its own.

Perhaps the Ministry of Agricult will give its attention to the proble

An expert rider's opinion of DUNLOP Tubular Sprint TYRES



An illustrated booklet describing the complete range of Dunlop Tubular sprint tyres, is yours on request. Write: ADVERTISING SERVICES, DISTRIBUTION SECTION, FORT DUNLOP

W. J. BAILEY

18 MARLBOROUGH CRESCENT, BEDFORD PARK, LONDON, W.4.

April 29th, 1929.

Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.,
Fort Dunlop,
Erdington,
Birmingham.

Dear Sirs,

I feel that I cannot let any more time pass by without expressing to you the satisfaction I have obtained from Dunlop Sprint tyres, both of the Silk and Cotton types.

I have found all of them to be particularly fast, reliable, and of excellent workmanship, and I consider that I know a good type when I see one, so I have made a detailed study of Racing tyres for many years.

I shall continue to use Dunlop Tubular Sprint tyres as I have the utmost confidence in them from all points of view, and I would like to wish the Dunlop Company the success they deserve for the efforts they have made to produce such excellent tyres.

Yours faithfully,
W. J. Bailey

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU THE COMPLETE RANGE

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., Fort Dunlop, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World.

C.F.H. 121

MANY PIPES

BUT ONE TOBACCO

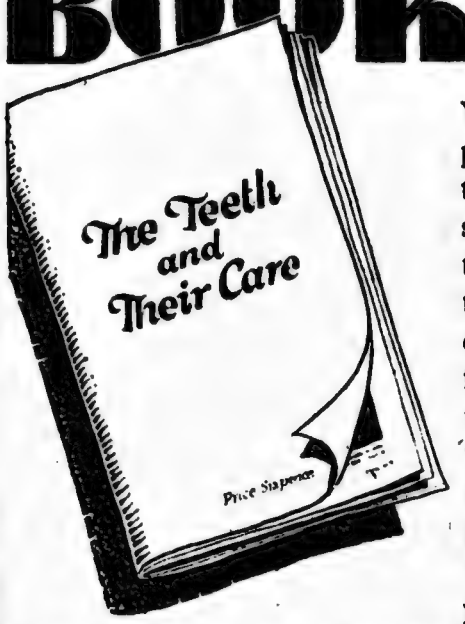
SWEET ROSEMARY

7½D. AN OZ

IT'S FAULKNER'S & ITS FRAGRANCE IS ONE LONG *DELIGHT*

R.29

Write for this WONDERFULLY INSTRUCTIVE BOOKLET



You will find in this publication a fascinating and informative story. It deals with the life-history of the teeth. Tracing their development even from the days before the baby is born. Telling you the wonderful account of their growth step by step throughout the twenty years required for the formation of a complete set.

This absorbing story is illustrated lavishly by colour plates and diagrams. It brings home to you, in a degree never before achieved, the vital question of keeping your mouth and teeth free from infection by the millions of deadly bacteria which infest the air we breathe. The booklet tells you, too, how modern science has made a safe, sure and simple process of mouth cleansing.

Mothers will find "The Teeth and Their Care" specially valuable: but everyone who reads this absorbing narrative and profits by its instruction will be happier and healthier. Send for your copy to-day. The booklet has been a costly one to produce—it is sure to be in great demand. There is a coupon below for your convenience.

PREVENTING DENTAL DECAY

ODOL was invented 35 years ago solely for the purpose of mouth hygiene. It destroys harmful bacteria without harming elements which are essential to good health. The antiseptic action of ODOL continues long after use. ODOL is obtainable both as a Mouthwash in flasks at 6d., 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6, and as a Toothpaste in tubes at 1/-.

Odol TOOTH PASTE

SEND THIS COUPON—NOW

Please send me, free, a copy of your new booklet on "The Teeth and Their Care." I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover cost of postage.

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SAFE absolutely CERTAIN and DELICIOUS

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THE CHEWING LAXATIVE

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Just send a p.c. bearing your name and address and we will send you —free—a sample packet of Feen-a-mint tablets sufficient for you to give this newly-discovered laxative a thorough trial.

There is no taste whatever except the delicious, refreshing peppermint, but they will remove the most stubborn condition of constipation — without griping or purging. They work gently, naturally . . . but surely — in 8–10 hours if you are lying down, in 2–4 hours if you are active.

Expectant and nursing mothers find them invaluable. Children love them. And they are NOT HABIT-FORMING!

Try them at our expense by accepting this free offer, or send 1/3 in stamps for a full-size package

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THIS MAGNIFICENT SOLID SILVER HALF-HUNTER FOR 2/6 DOWN!

H. Samuel's "Observatory" Solid Silver Half-Hunter, high-grade fully-jewelled lever movement compensated balance, dust and damp-proof case, engine-turned or polished plain, with 10 years' warranty, is yours on acceptance of your order for 2/6 down. Balance of the factory price—63/—payable 5/- monthly. Send 2/6 to-day!

Big Book of Jewel Bargains FREE!

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A SURE WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION.

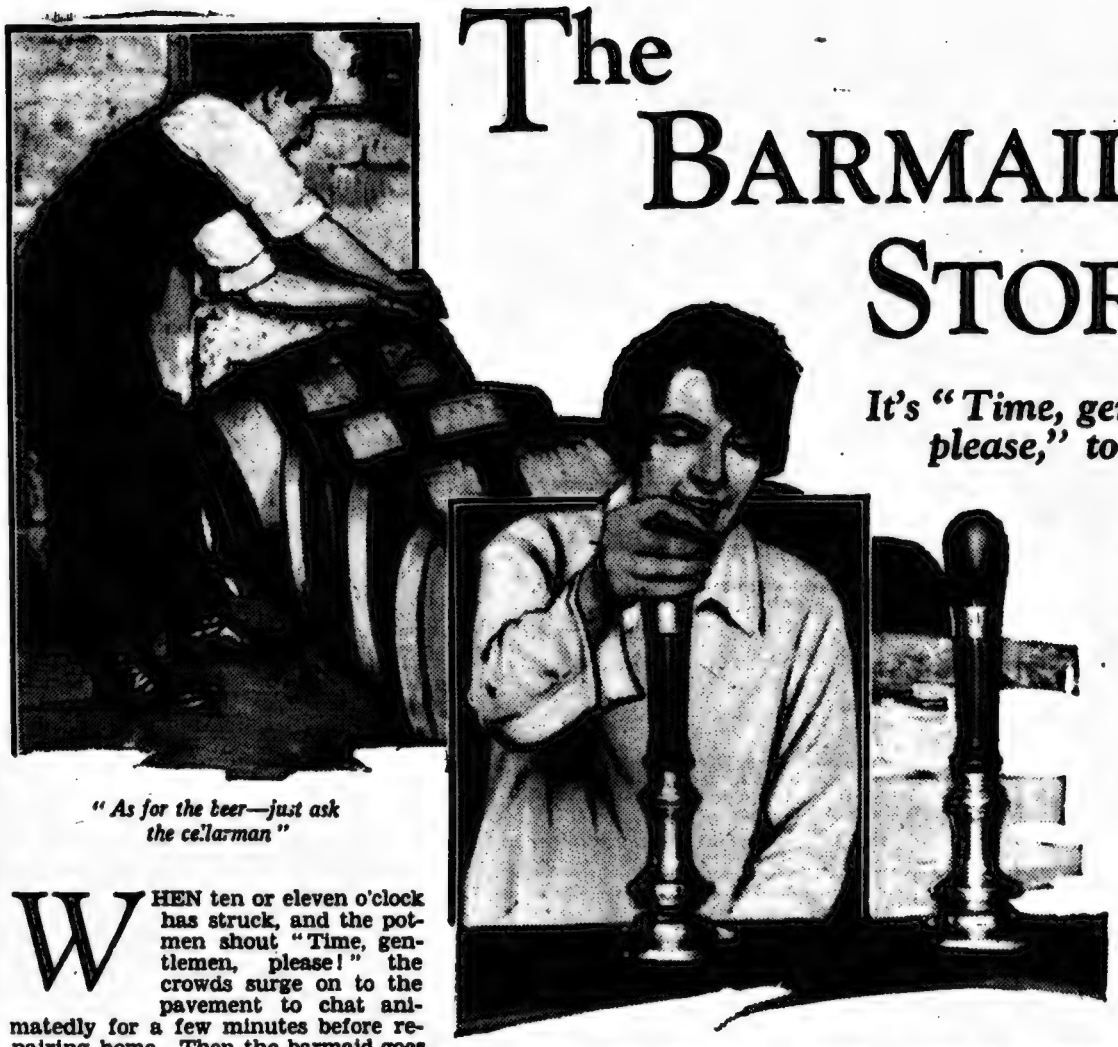
Indigestion is such a common ailment that many people use the first thing that's handy to stop it. They frequently use ordinary bi-carbonate of soda, never realising that although this frequently stops the pain, it is doing incalculable harm to the stomach lining and may even cause stomach ulcers. The best, safest and surest remedy for digestive troubles is a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a quarter of a tumbler of water after meals, which not only corrects the trouble at its source, but soothes, heals and protects the stomach lining. The moment you take 'Bisurated' Magnesia it neutralises the excess acidity, prevents fermentation, and that's the end of indigestion. Your chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. in both powder and tablets, the one and only 'Bisurated' Magnesia that doctors recommend and hospitals use, because it is as safe as it is effective.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 8/9. Heavy grade 9/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under lino on concrete prevents rot.

LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

The BARMAID'S STORY



"As for the beer—just ask the cellarman"

It's "Time, gentlemen, please," to see to this

". . . it is a crime to look overworked. She must smile and always have a gay retort . . ."

WHEN ten or eleven o'clock has struck, and the potmen shout "Time, gentlemen, please!" the crowds surge on to the pavement to chat animatedly for a few minutes before repairing home. Then the barmaid goes home, too.

Goes home—where? It's not far: just upstairs. Her tired feet need only carry her up the two or three narrowing flights to the room in the attic, which she may have all to herself, or which she may share with another girl.

A bed, a chest of drawers, a washstand and one or two straight-backed chairs—that is the simple furnishing of the barmaid's room.

An easy chair? Such a luxury is unheard of; many girls buy cheap deck-chairs or second-hand wicker armchairs from their scanty savings.

She is tired when she goes upstairs. She has had a hard day, but only an average day at that. Let us examine a barmaid's normal day.

UP at eight and down to the bar after breakfast—tea and bread and butter, and sometimes a rasher of bacon. Then into the bar to clean glasses and pewter, polish woodwork and clean brass, and generally make ready. Everyone assists in this, the cellarman and potmen as well.

Half an hour before opening time she goes upstairs for a wash and to change her clothes.

Then the bars are opened and she works, serving customers, for the next four hours.

Twenty minutes is the time allowed for dinner. In the public-houses which supply a lunch—"cut off the joint and two veg. for a shilling"—the girls fare better than when they have food specially prepared for them.

At 2.30 or three o'clock, as the case may be, the bars are closed, and she is free until a quarter of an hour before the next opening-time.

That is, she now has two and a half or three hours entirely to herself. She can go for a walk or she can remain in her bedroom. She is free.

Then, after a cup of tea, she returns to the bar for another four, five or six hours.

These hours vary in accordance with the times for opening and closing in different parts of the country.

In the West End of London she works in the evenings from 5.30 until eleven—five and a half hours behind the bar.

If it is a very busy house in the evenings, she has her supper after closing-time; in other houses, the girls take their supper, one at a time, about eight o'clock. They are usually allowed half an hour for this meal.

One may estimate the average working-day of employees in licensed premises at twelve hours per day.

When the barmaids get an evening off they must be careful to return exactly at eleven. If they are late, in many cases, they will not be permitted to enter.

They are not allowed doorkeys. If a girl stays out later than eleven, she may be locked out, with the prospect of dismissal facing her.

This can hardly be considered as encouraging morality among these girls—girls who, at best, are continually subject to great temptation.

Eighteen to thirty shillings a week, the barmaid's wages vary. One may safely estimate the average at twenty-five shillings. It is true that they live in—but even then this wage is not overwhelming. It certainly cannot pay for gold wrist-watches and diamond rings!

There is a greater labour turn-over in licensed premises than in any other industry. Study the advertisement columns of the daily newspaper devoted to the licensed trade. You will note that some houses advertise every two or three months for barmaids or barmen.

These are places where the rush is so heavy that the girls cannot stand the strain and are forced to resign. Five hours on one's feet, moving from place to place within the narrow bar, pulling at the beer-engine, washing glasses—it is no light job.

IN addition, it is a crime to look tired or overworked. The barmaid must smile and always have ready a gay retort to the chaffing inanities of the customers.

And not only are these women compelled to smile and chat and exchange banter—in some places there is a strong temptation to cheat the customer.

This is the result of the bonus system which is practised in some houses. Once a month, the amount of stock is compared with the takings. If the takings are so much above a previously estimated level, a percentage of the extra profit is divided among the staff.

Thus there is an incentive, not so much to increase the actual amount sold, but to give as little as possible for the money. Every drop of liquor saved means something towards the bonus, and an extra ten shillings each for the staff at the end of the month.

Therefore, after closing time, all neat spirits left in glasses are drained back into the bottles.

And in the late rush hour, just before closing-time, some bar attendants work the "six-for-five."

This means that they give a slightly smaller measure of whisky or other spirit, so that five full measures are spread over six drinks.

As for the beer—just ask the cellarman. Quite likely he won't tell you; he wants to keep his job. But if he does consent to talk, he'll tell you how the waste is caught in a trough and poured back into the beer barrels through a "bonnet."

Or, in the more modern houses, there is a pipe running down into the waste trough, so that the stale waste beer can be pumped up to the bar together with the fresh.

CELLARMEN, by the way, usually earn about forty-five shillings a week, but must live out.

It is their job to clean the pipes; and, in some houses, the manager doesn't bother to see personally that this is done frequently and regularly. He leaves it to the cellarman.

And the cellarman feels too tired at night, after about twelve hours' work, to do it just then, and postpones it. And the pipes don't get cleaned for a month. And the customers complain that the bitter is "off."

There are old-fashioned pipes—yards and yards of thin piping with rubber joints through which a brush cannot go. It is almost impossible to keep them properly clean. They should not be permitted. If ever you saw the "snake" coming out of one—a long cylinder of coagulated dirt—you would agree. Glass pipes are better.

But the licensee fears the brewery and cannot spend the money for new pipes. So he bullies the cellarman and the barmaids. And they take it out on the customers—"six-for-five": dog eat dog!

But we must not form too dismal a picture of life behind the bar. There are quiet houses with a homely atmosphere, where the girl is treated by the manager and his wife as one of the family, and where she lives very happily. But these houses are on the decrease.

More rigid inspection of licensed premises is necessary.

THOSE houses employing both barmen and barmaids, sleeping in, should also be subject to some form of supervision. Innocent girls, coming from the country in answer to advertisements, do not always know how to protect themselves. And the living-in conditions in some licensed houses are a definite encouragement of promiscuity.

Merry Days—

that Gibbs Dentifrice ensures by guarding teeth

Gibbs Dentifrice guards health—by guarding teeth.

Many men, many women have perfect teeth to-day because in childhood they acquired the habit of using Gibbs Dentifrice three times a day.

Teeth might well be perfect when cleaned so thoroughly—polished so gently, yet surely. Nothing that could cause decay escapes that fragrant foam. Delicious the tonic refreshment of mouth and gums.

Such a little tin—so handy—so neat. Take it with you—wherever you go.

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BRITISH MADE

Large size - 1/-
De Luxe - 1/6
Refills - - 11d.

Popular size, 7½d.
Tubes 6d. and 1/-
These prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

GD 15S

You will enjoy Good Health if you take

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

There is Health and Strength in Hall's Wine. That is why so many men and women are grateful for this supreme restorative. They have realised how it enriches the blood, and how thoroughly it builds up and revitalises the entire system. Everyone who feels the need of a tonic should take Hall's Wine.

Large bottle, 5/6 Smaller size, 3/3

The new handy Cork Stopper with Hall's Wine is very convenient. No corkscrew needed.

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To every approved account Drages guarantee to send carriage paid any article chosen directly the one instalment is paid. The balance of the account is paid by similar monthly instalments.

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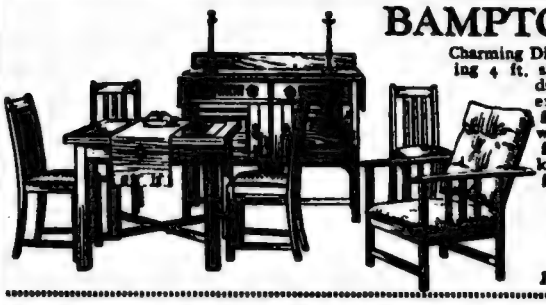
BAMPTON GROUP



Charming Dining Group in oak comprising 4 ft. sideboard, £3 : 8 : 0. Heavy draw leaf table, 5 ft. by 3 ft. extended, 3 by 3 closed, £7 : 7 : 0. Four small chairs, with drop in Rexine seats, £1 : 8 : 0 each. One adjustable loose cushion chair in taffeta, £1 : 12 : 0.

SUITE COMPLETE £22 : 19 : 6.

SEND 10/-

10/- Monthly After. ONLY.

SALISBURY GROUP

Very charming Bedroom Group in beautifully figured Oak, comprising 3 ft. 6 in. wardrobe with mirror fitted inside the door and long linen drawer, £3 : 5 : 0. Beautiful 3 ft. sunk centre dressing table with frameless mirror and dressing chest with four drawers, £12 : 15 : 0. Also one chair. Suite complete, £22 : 10 : 0. 4 ft. bedstead complete with spring mattress, overlay, feather pillows and bolster, £10 : 10 : 0.

GROUP COMPLETE, £33 : 0 : 0.

SEND 14/- ONLY.

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EASY CHAIRS

Well upholstered Easy Chair covered in real hide, very finely sprung, button front, finished with rich brown velvet cushion.

PRICE £8 : 10 : 0.

SEND 6/- ONLY.

6/- Monthly After.

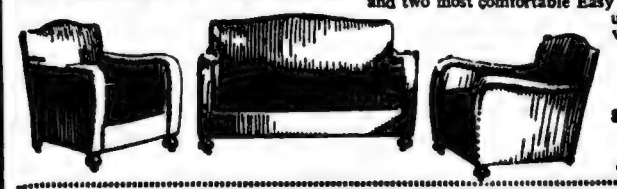
A beautifully upholstered Easy Chair, covered in real hide, well sprung, with brown velvet loose seat, cushions filled feather down.

PRICE £7 : 10 : 0.

SEND 6/- ONLY.

6/- Monthly After.

WALTON SUITE



Beautifully upholstered sprayed Rexine Suite, of fine quality, comprising commodious Settee, £7 7s. 0d., and two most comfortable Easy Chairs, £5 each. Seats upholstered in brown velvet. Complete

£17 : 5 : 0

SEND 8/- ONLY.

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ELDHURST UPRIGHT

Mahogany or Walnut finish. Iron frame. Tape check action. Full compass. Height, 3 ft. 9 in. Width, 4 ft. 2 in. Depth, 1 ft. 11 in. Sweet tone.

39 GUINEAS.

SEND 20/-

ONLY.

20/- Monthly After.

DELEMANT CONSOLE

Goldenphone series. Beautiful console model in quartered oak finish. Splendid motor. Grand-tone soundbox giving perfect tone, £7 : 10 : 0. In mahogany finish, £8 : 15 : 0, or quartered walnut,

£9 : 9 : 0.

SEND 8/- ONLY

8/- Monthly After.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

The Sound of a Kiss

was a knell to the parson's wife

SEVENTEEN years of happiness with my husband, a well-esteemed minister of religion, left me totally unprepared for this.

Some time ago, a girl worker in the Sunday-school asked my husband to help her in her studies, and it was arranged that she should come, once a week, to the house for lessons. These, presumably for quietness' sake and for freedom from interruption, were given in the privacy of my husband's study.

Passing the door one evening while the lesson was in progress, I was astounded to hear the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

I walked in and demanded an explanation. Both were confused, though they made no attempt to conceal the fact that they had been love-making.

The girl would have followed me for a private talk, but my husband would not allow it and insisted on seeing his pupil to her home.

On his return there was no "scene," only a surprisingly calm statement that he and this girl were soul affinities, and that if I allowed their happiness in mutual friendship to go undisturbed the affair would never take a grosser turn.

I pointed out that even so the girl would suffer great injury, as she was young and had a right to be left free to choose a mate of her own age. My husband did not reply to this.

The girl came no more to our house, and her parents were, I know, completely in ignorance of the affair.

Besides dread of causing scandal in a big church, there was just the possibility, I thought, that I was exaggerating the meaning of the kiss.

My fears, however, that this strange friendship might reach a dangerous stage were realised when my husband later told me that he now loved the girl so passionately that he had offered to elope with her.

"What did she say?" I gasped.

"She refused because of you," he said; "but if she thinks her refusal will make you happy she's mistaken, for I'm going to keep her by me or make the place too hot for you to live in."

He was quite beside himself and ready to go to any length. I refused to be intimidated, for we were both closely engaged in Christian work, and I tried, for the sake of the church, to keep a brave face to the members.

But the secret humiliations and the feeling of sharing in a double life were at last too much for me.

I left my home one night, and to this day no one but myself knows the real reason. I have supported myself by teaching music, a long uphill fight for a mere pittance.

I read that my husband is retiring on a pension to a "well-earned rest," while I must struggle on in a losing fight. He runs a car, while I trudge from house to house.

I can make no legal claim, because I left him. But what of the moral issue? Have I let him off too lightly? Or should I denounce him to his religious admirers as a smooth-tongued hypocrite?

"HUMANIST" says: Though you no doubt had every cause to complain of your husband's dastardly conduct, you seem to have acted somewhat hastily.

You will gain nothing by openly denouncing him. Since he does not appear to be living with this girl, what about making an effort to come together again?

She left—Should she return?

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

THE PANTRY ROBBER

must not be shielded

SHELTERED from the world first by a quiet home and then by a happy, youthful marriage, I knew absolutely nothing of the grim realities of life until I was suddenly widowed.

I had a small capital, and when I met a charming woman running a fruit and poultry farm, who told me how hampered she was for lack of means to extend her activities, I fell in with her suggestion to invest.

But the moment she touched my money she vanished, and no amount of enquiry served to trace her.

This blow struck me down with brain fever, and for weeks I hovered between life and death.

I recovered, and with my child I had to face life again, penniless.

Just in time, there came a very small legacy. This time I did my own investing, buying a small bungalow near the coast to let furnished. To do this I have had to augment my legacy by borrowing.

I procured a post as cook in an hotel and was able to keep my boy comfortably while reducing my debt.

Thus, all would be going well but for the bad conduct of a fellow-servant, an elderly woman whom I urged my employer to engage because, like myself, she has been unfortunate.

To my dismay I find that this woman steals on every possible opportunity. She pilfers food, groceries and stores, and helps herself freely to cigarettes, wines and spirits.

Moreover, her dirty and careless habits prevent my kitchen being as spic and span as it should be, and I have been reprimanded for this.

I feel that if I let things slide much longer I shall get into some serious trouble, yet the slightest remonstrance on my part is met by a torrent of filthy abuse.

However, because I have suffered so much and know what it is to be down and out, I hesitate to act. Is there any other way in which I can mend matters?

"HUMANIST" says: Try to win your fellow-servant to some elementary sense of duty. Point out to her the serious consequences of her conduct.

You must not condone theft, for that puts you in the same category as the thief. If you are aware that stores are being raided you must inform your employers.

Homely Wisdom

The Life Immortal

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

TIME does not permit of my being able to enter into private correspondence with persons who write to me on account of what I happen to say from time to time in JOHN BULL; but I have received this week a letter from a reader so full of pain and distress that I feel impelled to try to offer some comfort.

My correspondent has just lost by death a dearly loved mother, and in the shock of the sorrow, feels that everything else worth living for has been swallowed up.

These two persons, mother and child, were all in all to each other for many years. They had few friends, and lived a somewhat secluded life together.

It is easy to imagine, therefore, what a terrible blow the death of the mother must be for the lonely mourner.

But some unkind acquaintance has been telling the writer of the letter that it is wise to harden our hearts when the grave closes over our dear ones, that tears and longings must be firmly repressed, for there is no shred of proof that the soul survives death, and that, even if there were, our dead would probably not know us again in a future state.

This is wicked talk—not only cruel to a bleeding heart, but assuming a knowledge the speaker cannot possibly possess.

The best thing to do when any person makes a wounding and depressing assertion about the great mystery of human life here and hereafter is to challenge his authority for it. How do you know? The burden of proof rests on him who disbelieves in the immortality of the soul, not on him who believes.

It is a far more wonderful thing that we should be living at all than that we should go on living when we have done with the physical body.

There is plenty of evidence that the soul survives death, and the best part of it is the beautiful character that unselfish love shows itself able to produce—the love of man for man, or of man for God.

WHEN Charles Bradlaugh—an honest man in his way—was giving an atheistic lecture at Nottingham, a poor woman rose and asked what he intended to give her in place of what he was taking away.

"Nothing but the truth," was the answer.

"The truth!" cried the questioner. "Can that be the truth which renders life sad; and can that be a lie which fills it with light?"

We need no better test. "The truth is the best of everything," and love must ever come to its own.

HE'S PUSHED

off the pavement

AFTER the war, I found that my peace-time job had gone. With failing health and dogged by the spectre of starvation, I was finally reduced to chalking pictures on the pavement for a living.

But my home, where I try to keep breath in the bodies of my dear wife and three little kiddies, is in a cathedral city. We have a vigilant police force, anxious to keep the town tidy.

Chalking on the pavements looks untidy, especially when it is wearing off, and so my life has been made a thing of misery.

I have been fined three times for chalking pictures on "forbidden" ground—in other words, for trying to get a living. I cannot get a job. I am not allowed to beg; all I want is work.

Do you think they are trying to drive me to crime?

"HUMANIST" says: "They" is the community of which you are a unit, so don't fall into the error of thinking that the law is against you.

Ask the chief constable to allot you a pitch for your pictures, and then convince the authorities of your desire for an honest living. Then you will have taken the first step to a better position.

Send for the ODOL Booklet offered on page 25.

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HOW DO YOU *REMOVE* UNWANTED HAIR?

With a razor? It is the razor that turns a youth's first downy growth into a stiff, coarse beard. It makes hair grow faster and thicker—that is why men *must* shave daily soon after they commence using razors

Skilled chemists have perfected a perfumed, velvety, hair-removing cream specially designed to solve this important problem of the modern woman's *toilette*.

You simply spread the cream on as it comes from the tube, after a few minutes rinse it off and the skin is left beautifully smooth without a sign of hair. No blunt ends remain to shadow the whiteness of the skin, such as razors leave—especially when the hair is dark.

This cream—called Veet—has been used by thousands. Every day more and more women are turning to Veet to save them from the stiff, coarse growth the use of a razor induces.

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Nothing succeeds like success. So everybody must have been expecting a sequel to the startling success of Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwiches. The sequel is four new Sandwiches, additional to the five original kinds. All the new ones have soft centres with specially delightful flavours. Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwiches are those big chocolate blocks which you break up into separate chocolates. You've probably already discovered that they're the finest sixpennyworth in the shops!

Now there are nine!

Milk Chocolate Coffee Creme, Peppermint Creme, Marzipan, Milk Chocolate Pistache, Creme, Truffle, Scotch Caramel, Almond Toffee, Nougat.

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Armours for splendid, satisfying meals. Armours for delicious sandwiches and tasty snacks. Armours for those summer salad dishes. Armour's Veribest Corned Beef—the choicest meat ready cooked and packed in handy tins—cheaper than cheese too. Ask your grocer for Armours.

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This is the chap,
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Our Letter Parliament

When the BREAD I Cast Returned

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 9

My Secret Dread

AMONG the boys I once taught was a hefty youth who showed no interest in anything but mischief. Eventually I aroused in him some desire for work just by coaxingly saying, "Now, then, stick it, Joe."

He enlisted in the Navy. After the Battle of Jutland he came to see me while on leave.

In describing the fight, he said, "Do you know, Miss ——, I was in a dreadful funk, when I distinctly heard your voice saying, 'Stick it, Joe,' and fear left me."

I felt amply repaid that my efforts had borne fruit in a critical moment.—*E. S., Birmingham.*

On the Mat

A few years ago an old man called at the door, selling odds and ends. I told him to knock each morning for a cup of cocoa and a bit of food, and he never missed.

Then my husband fell sick, and I had to tell the old man I had not anything for him.

A few mornings after I found an old envelope on the mat with sixpence in it, and "Gawd bless you—The Old Man" scrawled across it.—*B. Scriven, Caledonian Road, N.*

He Bobbed Up

Twelve years ago I was serving in India. Out one day on a shooting trip, my interpreter, a Sikh, was bitten by a cobra.

Knowing the situation to be desperate, I cauterised the wound, and cut the flesh above and below the bite. He lived.

In 1918, I was on patrol with a party during the Amritsar riots. A crowd of fanatics turned on us, and things looked nasty, when, to my astonishment, the interpreter bobbed up.

Standing at my side, he spoke to the crowd, which dispersed and allowed us to return to the fort.—*Micky, Watchet.*

In the Envelope

As a boy at school I used to halve my "piece" (of bread) with another boy whose parents were very poor.

This boy is now laird of a farm, while I am a servant on the same farm. But he does not forget the halved "piece," and my pay-envelope always has a little extra every week in it, while Christmas never passes without a generous gift.

Better still, my master is my friend.—*Alfred, Banff.*

Better than Medicine

When I was told, some years ago, that I had contracted tuberculosis and must go to a sanatorium for at least a year, I was appalled. I had four young children, and my husband had just had a run of bad luck.

During my long illness I continually received letters of cheer from folks—many of whom I had forgotten or lost touch of—and they invariably contained this message: "You were so kind to me," or "to mine," at such and such a time.

My recovery was greatly aided thereby.—*"Inasmuch," Fifeshire.*

Paying Pupils

Fifteen years ago a neighbour's two girls were left fatherless. Their future looked hopeless, and so, in my spare time, I taught them shorthand and typewriting.

Little did I think I was then laying the foundation for future prosperity for my family.

Three years ago I met my one-time pupils. My husband then had been unemployed for two years.

Hearing of our circumstances, my old pupils at once offered to take me on as assistant in their newly-opened commercial training school, and to-day I am one of their partners."—*A Shorthand Teacher, Maidstone.*

A Fine Tip

One cold day in September, 1907, an emaciated-looking youth came to my mother's door and asked for something to eat.

As we happened to be at dinner ourselves, mother gave him some, and an old overcoat of father's.

Two years ago a prosperous-looking man called, and asked my mother to cook him a meal, for which he said he was willing to pay well.

During the meal he told her he was the youth she had helped over twenty years ago.

When he left, mother found a £20 note under his plate.—*"Wheel of Fortune," Blantyre.*

With Flying Colours

Many years ago, I was a medical student in Edinburgh. One spring, my mother came to spend a fortnight with me. During her visit I was called to a maternity case, where the mother—a young, unmarried girl—succumbed, chiefly from the terrible hardships which had preceded her confinement.

My mother, though delicate and straitened in means, adopted the little unwanted babe. She denied the child nothing that would give him a healthy start.

Last autumn he qualified as a doctor, after a brilliant university career.—*M. Williams, N. Wales.*

Biting the Hand

I was in business in Dublin prior to the Free State taking over. One day a dejected-looking individual called on me and pleaded that he was destitute.

Being one of my own countrymen, I took pity on him, helped him to get a hawker's licence, and supplied him with suitable goods to dispose of.

When the bread I cast returned, it came in the shape of a bill from my wholesaler's.

The man I had befriended had pledged my credit to the tune of some pounds.—*R. A. Dicker, Thanet.*

My Lady's Lamp

During my county police service, alone in rough places, I have often rendered "first aid." On one occasion, by rendering such aid, I saved a boy's life.

One dark night, when I was arresting a violent man, a crowd of rowdies interfered, and it was going hard with me.

At that moment the mother of the boy I had saved came on the scene, carrying a big lighted lamp, which she flashed on the faces of the crowd and bravely dared any one to touch me, and no one dared.—*Pensioner, Ayr.*

Broke and Mended

During the war a Canadian soldier sought me out and handed over an envelope containing £200.

Nearly twenty years before, this lad's father had made a serious slip, for which he served a term of imprisonment. I was his only friend, and while he was away I cared for his motherless boys as my own.

On his release, the family emigrated to Canada, and I had heard nothing from them for twenty years until that day.

The money came as a godsend—I was broke. It set me up in business, and I have prospered since.—*S., London, N.*

Jam on It

At Cardiff, in 1914, I befriended a seaman who had been robbed and beaten in the Tiger Bay district of the town. I paid for his board and lodging until he was fit to go to sea again.

Five years after, I was in Bombay, stranded. Following a long spell of malaria, I was about to enter the "Strangers' Home"—the Bombay equivalent for a workhouse.

As I walked towards that institution I felt a slap on my back. I turned and saw the man whom I had befriended in Cardiff.

He returned the bread I had cast upon the waters—with jam on it—and I was soon on my way back to England.—*"Poor Jack," Plumstead.*

* * *

Letters in Little

Bread cast in crumbs comes back in loaves.—*E. P., Barton.*

I cast my bread upon the water. It sank, the float bobbed, and back came the bread—inside a fish.—*F. T. Finch, Notts.*

Now that my hair is turning grey, my adopted son repays me full measure, and brimming over, for the bread I cast upon the waters.—*Foster Mother.*

I was the happiest mother in the world when on my son's wedding-eve he said, "Mother, I want to thank you for all you have ever taught me and for your warnings of pitfalls and snares. I have kept clean right through."—*E. Burns, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Possessing only four shillings myself, I gave three to a hungry man some years ago. That three shillings is still paying me a handsome dividend.—*J. M., Sheffield.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

"ALLY PALLY'S" CUP

F. Leach, jnr., trainer of Cardinal's Ring

THE London Cup, run on the frying-pan course at Alexandra Park, is a handicap over a mile and a half, and for this popular metropolitan event it is gratifying to find that Quick Stick is a non-acceptor.

At Epsom and Brighton he badly let down his backers, starting odds-on on both occasions; and in "sellers" at that.

This one is not, apparently, the quick stick he once was, and those who make a practice of going after losses by backing animals which have failed them previously might have considered him in the London Cup at 7 st. 9 lb.

For that reason it is good that a "flat-catcher" of his kind is not to run.

Merry Miller failed at Gosforth in the North Derby, won by Lemon Car, but he is not a weight-carrier, and 9 st. 2 lb. on the back of this little 'un told its tale. In the London Cup he is allotted 7 st. 8 lb., and must be considered for the race.

My personal fancy, however, is for Cardinal's Ring, a nicely-named son of Jackdaw, trained by F. Leach, jun., and I am inclined to the opinion that here is the winner. I will give my last-minute selection by code.

It may be of interest to readers to know that the original Carlisle Bell, the race for a replica of which—and 250 sovs.—takes place on the day this issue of JOHN BULL is on sale, bore the following quaint inscription:—

"THE X SWEETEST X HORSE X THES X BEL X TO X TAK X FOR X MI X LADE X DAKER X SAKE."

The bell was presented by Lady Dacre in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Perhaps Mr. Bell-Irving's entry is indicated!

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 4, to Wednesday, July 10, and will then be revised.

I	R	S	N	3	9	J	H	K	E	B	P	W	C	G
5	M	X	L	T	A	7	U	Q	Z	V	F	Y	O	D

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. F95L3VCS would read PAINTBOX.

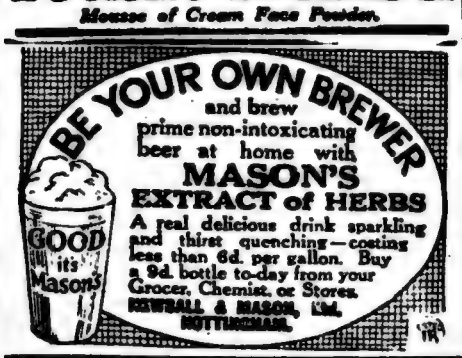
"SILVER RING."

Yet She Had a Shiny Nose!

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little *Mousse of Cream* in her powder would have made a world of difference. *Mousse of Cream* is an exclusive Tokalon process (*Government Patent No.* 218154). It makes the powder stay on in spite of a hot sun, wind, rain, or perspiration from dancing in over-heated rooms, or playing tennis. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. *Mousse of Cream* is the reason Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and widely used face powder. The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders. 1/- a box. Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3, Refills 9d. Large de Luxe Compacts 1/9, Refills 1/-.

Poudre Tokalon

Mousse of Cream Face Powder.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L 448-18

That's what a school-teacher said about the Lifebuoy habit

School-teachers notice it first. How a child does change for the better when it learns the Lifebuoy habit! There's a growing sense of responsibility, a dawning of self-respect. Little characters are being moulded at the most impressionable age.

Train your children to have always a Lifebuoy wash before sitting down to table, and within a month they will be doing it instinctively. Never need telling. Never dream of missing. That's the Lifebuoy habit! Soon you will notice that they become more particular about other things. The magic is working! And with all this character-building of the Lifebuoy habit, never forget that it is a health habit as well.

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for health and character

GOLDEN MOMENTS

With "John Bull's" Fair and Square Crossword.

£500 MUST BE WON

CLOSING DATE, THURSDAY, JULY 11th.

BASK in the radiant smiles of King Sol on the beach this summer and improve the shining hour by trying your skill in "John Bull's" Fair and Square Crossword. A glittering prize of £500 must be won!

But *any* time is Crossword time wherever you may be, so warm to your work now by commencing to fill up the squares in the Entry Forms below.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 18TH. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 25th.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 17 appears on page 12.

CLUES ACROSS. — **1. To make a rattling noise. 5. Unpleasant look. 8. Weird. 10. A lady of rank. 11. Fasten. 12. Push and shove. 14. Alter. 15. Small quantity of drink. 16. Seaside entertainer. 19. Substance used for polishing. 21. Gloomy. 22. Insect. 25. To long for. 26. 7 days. 27. Negative. 29. United. 30. Garments.**

CLUES DOWN. — **1. Fight. 2. Afternoon meal. 3. Want of courage. 4. Before. 6. Spokesman. 7. To be furious. 9. Dodge. 10. Of more depth. 13. Booty. 17. Sport arena. 18. Child's plaything. 20. Dark. 23. Inclines. 24. Being in debt. 25. Shades. 28. 2,240 lbs.**

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below **IN INK**, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 20),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, July 11th.
Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or misfaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, July 25th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, July 30th,** on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No 18

E	X	P	A	N	D	■	D	R	A	M	A	■
R	■	U	■	E	E	R	I	E	■	U	■	C
M	A	N	E	G	E	■	S	P	I	L	L	■
I	V	Y	■	R	■	S	C	A	T	E	■	■
N	E	■	F	O	O	T	■	R	A	S	H	■
E	R	R	■	T	R	I	A	L	■	I	■	■
■	T	I	F	T	■	A	■	T	I	N	G	■
M	E	T	E	■	A	N	T	I	C	■	G	■
A	D	E	N	O	I	D	■	O	■	U	L	■
N	■	S	C	A	R	■	A	N	K	L	E	■
■	B	■	E	T	■	B	A	S	I	N	■	■
H	E	A	D	■	N	A	G	■	D	A	M	■

20 JB.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 18 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 20, which you will find below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry — entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), July 11th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 20

Entry Form "A"

1	L		2	3	4	R	■	5	6	U	7	
O	O	■	8			I	9	■	R	E	A	
	■	10				■	L	E	A	■		
11	I		■			12		S		13		
14	M				■			■	O	O	■	
15	I		■	■	16	P	I	17			18	
	■	19	20	E	R	Y	■		■	T	O	
■	21	G			M		■	22	A	23		
24	O	E	■		■	25		N		R	■	
26	E	E			■	■		O	27	O	28	
	■	L	■	29	W			D	E			
30		I		T		■		E	S	S	E	N

20 JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"

1	L		2	3	4	R	■	5	6	U	7	
O	O	■	8			I	9	■	R	E	A	
	■	10				■	L	E	A	■		
11	I		■			12		S		13		
14	M				■			■	O	O	■	
15	I		■	■	16	P	I	17			18	
	■	19	20	E	R	Y	■		■	T	O	
■	21	G			M		■	22	A	23		
24	O	E	■		■	25		N		R	■	
26	E	E			■	■		O	27	O	28	
	■	L	■	29	W			D	E			
30		I		T		■		E	S	S	E	N

20 JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), July 11th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

The Tragedy of the UNREDEEMED PLEDGE

"I COULD write you a long story of suffering since I served four years in the war," writes Nan's father.

No doubt he could also write a gruesome story of his own sufferings in the war, where he was gassed and shell-shocked so badly that he found it impossible to keep on with his old job which he resumed after the war.

Nan

His small pension ceased five years ago, and, as he could not find other work, he was forced to try the pits again.

At this time he was living with his wife and children in a small back room, so swarming with black-beetles and mice that a lamp had to be kept burning all night to prevent the beetles climbing over the children.

They had to put up with this torture for a year and a half until they could procure a colliery cottage. It consists of two damp rooms, minus furniture.

A few weeks ago the climax was reached when Nan's father fractured his leg in the pit.

He now has to support himself, wife and four children—the eldest aged eight and the youngest twelve months—on his compensation pay of 22s. a week, out of which his weekly rental of 5s. 7d. is deducted.

His wife lost her hearing through doing munition work. Two years ago she pawned her wedding-ring to provide shoes for the kiddies. It is still waiting to be redeemed.

What can our readers send to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, before they start on a happy holiday, to relieve such suffering as this?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

R. C. Woosey (Truro), 2s. 6d.; Halpha, 2s. 6d.; M. D., 2s. 6d.; Unemployed Sympathiser, 1s.; T. D. (Colne), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; "Grateful Heart," 2s.; E. G. Rowley (Leicester), 6s.; Old "John Bull" Reader, 2s.; Exonian, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Willoughby (Tillingham), 6d.; Anon., 1s.; A Tommy, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; Lancashire Lad (Accrington), 2s. 6d.; M. J. P. (Pontypool), 10s.; ? X., 10s.; Billie, 4½d.; Mrs. Tonkin (Harrow Road), 2s. 6d.; Relay (Stoke-on-Trent), 10s.; Anon., 6d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; A. Rashley (Poole), 1s.; Misogynist, 1s.; Anon., 2s.; T. A., 5s.; Leslie (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; F. Kempton (Castleford), 7s. 6d.; "Clod," 5s.; In Memory—W. J. and A., 2s.; G. Penn (Nelson), 1s.; A. K. (Bradford), 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; A. H. Gettings (Middlesbrough), 6d.; H. Baker (Littlehampton), 2s. 6d.; Mother of Four Little Ones, 3d.; C. F. Benson, 1s.; I. L. M. O. D. (Abingdon), 5s.; E. B. (Bolton), 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. Vaughan (Salop), 6d.; Old Loe Reader, 1s.; A. B., 1s. 6d.; A. D., 1s.; L. Kilyrack, 6d.; F. W. L., 1s. 6d.; Ucalite, 1s. 6d.; F. Crawford, 1s.; "?," 2s. 11d.; T. D., 1s.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; Miss R. V. Ledbury (Wokingham), 2s. 6d.; Mr. Wilkinson (Darlington), 6d.; The Ninth (Blackburn), 2d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Fruit (Croydon), 2s. 6d.; Bill and Lot, 2s.; A Grateful Husband, 2s. 6d.; Bertha Morris, 5s.; R. Medhurst (Bournemouth), 5s.; Peggy (Mells), 6d.; Jen and Dos (Bridport), 1s.; Mrs. Peace (Willisborough), 6d.; A Mite for a Mite (Eastbourne), 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Miss E. Luxton (Bere Alston), 10s.; Mrs. Boxall, 6d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.;

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

MEN LEAD—3 to 2!

Last week the papers were full of the way in which the women beat the men at golf—now it's the men's turn to beat the women at—Crosswords!

Five readers share £500 in JOHN BULL'S Crossword Competition No. 16, and of these, three are men. Next week, it may be the ladies' turn again.

Turn to the simple puzzle on page 33 and prove a champion in your own sex!

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

D. S. (Oundle).—"It has been discovered that a great many animals laugh." And a great many people give them reason to.

C. R. (Waltham Cross).—"My wife is ducing." Your bank account?

G. T. (Hemsworth).—"What is a new-id egg?" As a rule, it isn't.

O. H. (Shenfield).—"What do elderly men make up for?" Lost time.

P. D. (Forest Hill).—"The man who arries my daughter will get a prize." ow much are you offering?

M. F. (Dunstable).—"A woman likes man with a will of his own." Especi-ly if it is in her favour.

G. D. (Saxby).—"Do telephone opera-rs have to work hard?" They cer-inly keep on plugging away at it.

W. B. (Hitchin).—"Glasses have made d marks on my nose." Glasses of hat?

H. L. (Glasgow).—"How can I retire my capital?" Put it under the attress.

L. W. (Oakley).—"Do you take me for fool?" No; but what's our opinion gainst thousands?

B. K. (Winchester).—"My wife has rains enough for two." Is that why ou married her?

V. S. (Purley).—"Columbus didn't scover America." It's too late to ologise to him now.

READER (Truro).—"A woman is as old she feels." As she feels she would e to be.

J. M. (Southend).—"What would you y is the hardest thing to raise on a rm?" Money.

C. H. (Rugby).—"She swept me off y feet." Did you get the number of r car?

T. Y. (Uxbridge).—"My office-boy histles while he works." You're cky; ours just whistles.

V. L. (Bath).—"Few people know how telephone works." But we all know w often it doesn't.

V. P. (Durham).—"A happy marriage one in which the husband makes an lowance to his wife." And the wife akes allowances for her husband.

ENID (Tooting).—"I can't understand hy he doesn't like to hear me play, as always thought he was fond of usic." Perhaps that's why.

ACTOR (Chiswick).—"I am now work-g under my wife's management." So e most married men, but they like to ep it quiet.

N. R. (Aylesbury).—"I enclose some formation I have obtained. What all I get for my pains?" Embroca-on.

L. Y. (Portsmouth).—"Everything re-uires experience nowadays." Yes, you n't even pick a pocket without first tting your hand in.

L. T. (Conway).—"A surgeon I know ok the lung out of a man." That's thing. We know a wife who took the art out of her husband.

S. C. (Perth).—"I know when to say When.'" When?

H. C. (Rye).—"Many women choose their husbands' suits." Others pick only their pockets.

J. B. (Tenby).—"Can you suggest a good parting gift?" A brush and comb.

F. H. (Retford).—"I have a Stilton cheese over fifty years old." Is it still going strong?

L. N. (Derby).—"I choose everything in our house." Do you pick the quarrels?

G. D. (Frome).—"I have a gift for inventions." Does your wife believe them?

L. D. (Dingwall).—"Why is the really cheap motor-car delayed?" We suppose it must have broken down on the road somewhere.

S. N. (Wigan).—"Some landladies have special terms for actors." But they only use them when they fail to pay their bills.

O. F. (Paisley).—"Old maids are always imagining there's a man in the house." Married women soon learn to know better.

V. L. (Exeter).—"What is a bargain sale?" Something which enables a woman to buy one dress while ruining another.

V. W. (Felstead).—"As I have been ill for a long time, I asked the doctor for his account, but he refused to give it to me." Perhaps he is waiting until you are a little stronger.

AMY G. (Pinner).—"When I wouldn't let him kiss me, he invited me to ride pillion on his motor-cycle." With a view, perhaps, to putting temptation behind him.

F. A. H. (Richmond).—"There is insanity in my wife's family." On her husband's side?

H. H. (Ilford).—"The average man is generous to a fault." Yes—particularly to his own.

G. S. (Northampton).—"I always do my hardest work before breakfast." What is that? Trying to get up?

W. R. C. (Walthamstow).—"The boys at my son's school go in for community singing." More schoolboy howlers!

G. S. (Thorpe).—"I go to the Continent every year for lumbago." Surely you can get it quite easily at home.

J. P. (Queenhithe).—"My lawyer was run over by a 'bus and recovered in a few hours." Yes, but how much?

EVA (Partick).—"Would it be wrong if he kissed my hand?" Well, it would be rather out of place.

T. C. (Ashton).—"He shuts his eyes when he sings." He probably doesn't like to see people suffer.

R. N. (Lewes).—"She won't say if she'll marry me." Press her for an answer.

J. D. (Penge).—"Slack wives are a menace to domestic bliss." So are tight husbands.

R. L. (Putney).—"Instalment paying has greatly altered life." Well, it's made the months shorter and the years longer.

EVA C. (Hammersmith). — "The newest material for summer frocks is exceptionally limp." With husbands to match—if the price is stiff.

J. L. (Battersea).—"He'll spend the best of the summer in prison for robbery at a seaside hotel." Was he the proprietor?

F. T. (Cheam).—"I am writing this letter on the spur of the moment." It looks as though you had written it on the edge of a volcano.

E. N. (Paisley).—"Our artificial silk companies are climbing from success to success." Largely because there are so many ladders in stockings.

R. J. (New Malden.)—"Cannot you publish some really reliable weather forecasts for the holidays?" Well, here's one. We forecast a fine holiday for you if you win one of the *Bullets* Holiday Prizes this week.

F. K. (Oxted).—"Some pedestrians walk along as if they owned the streets." And some motorists drive about as if they owned the car.

B. T. D. (Manchester).—"Can you tell me how to cure snoring? I snore so loudly that I wake myself." You should sleep in the next room.

E. L. (Mansfield).—"I have received a really disgraceful letter from a man who knows where I work." Is it marked "Final Notice"?

M. L. (London, W.).—"When my husband came home this morning he declared it was only one o'clock, and just then the clock struck three." Perhaps the clock stutters.

D. C. (Stockwell).—"I can never find my slippers in the morning. They are never where I put them the night before." And, besides, maybe you didn't put them there.

S. N. (Poole).—"He is always late at the office." Perhaps he sleeps too slowly.

L. B. (Stratford).—"My brain is tired." Poor little thing!

J. G. (Taunton).—"I am always getting into a hole." You should make a good golfer.

L. B. (Maidenhead).—"There are a lot of mistakes in cookery books." Yes. We've tasted some of them.

H. A. (Bognor).—"There's no fun like work." But many people can't see the joke.

B. N. R. (Langley).—"Whilst playing cricket a bee stung me." We didn't know that bees played cricket.

L. B. (Wigan).—"This place is too slow for me. How can I get to London?" By train.

G. Q. (Oakham).—"Nearly every girl has two fellows." Yes, and they don't usually know that they are being had.

F. S. (Dudley).—"Before marriage a man can get away with anything he does." And after marriage he does anything he can get away with.

F. T. (Brixton).—"Last year Big Ben was only once a few seconds behind time." Many employers wish they could say the same of their hands.

Y. A. (Bodmin).—"What is your opinion of the enclosed article?" The quotations from Thackeray are excellent.

MRS. R. (Newtown).—"I think my husband's nerves would be better if we went to the sea or the mountains." Probably; but you must go to the sea and he must go to the mountains.

MAJOR S. (Catford).—"The B.B.C. should end each programme by playing the National Anthem." Yes, it would probably be one of the most eagerly awaited items.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"Mrs. —— was harged at Leicester Police Court to-day ith stealing 6s. 5d. from a GASOMETER."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"The gangways in he theatre were not kept absolutely ee and OBSTRUCTED."

ST. PANCRAS GAZETTE:—"A procession Scouts and Guides brought in the ride and bridegroom, the LATTER, who tall, elegant and vivacious, wearing a retty GREEN SILK COSTUME."

HOME CHAT:—"Mrs. 'Dicky' Herbert raig out of her little blue two-seater ith a large brown cardboard box and sappeared into ANOTHER."

WEST BROMWICH MIDLAND CHRONICLE Advt.):—"Gent.'s Worsted Socks—11d. R YARD."

UNION JACK:—"They saw him at ngth a tall, slim man, dressed in a OWLER."

THE HUMORIST:—"Elmer TOOK AWAY TH HIM the fully-drawn-up matter for e preliminary posters BEFORE HE LEFT at night."

STAFFORDSHIRE EVENING SENTINEL:—"Mr. Hall knows all about such things as the utilisation of pulverised coal and the extraction of COAL FROM OIL."

EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST:—"I knew he was MARRIED, but I was personally unaware that he had a WIFE."

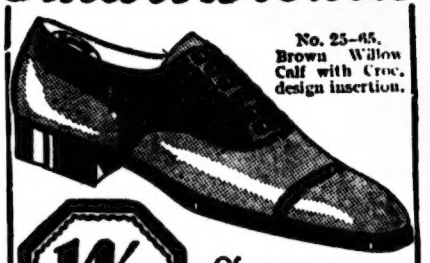
WELLINGTON JOURNAL AND SHREWSBURY NEWS:—"Mr. —— said that if he WOKE one morning and found himself ELECTROCUTED he would have a shock."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"The effect of the new scheme will be that during August milk will be A QUART CHEAPER than at present."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"A frown, in which were traces of savageness, came to his LIPS."

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Death was due, he said, to SYNCOPATION. 'NATURAL CAUSES' was returned."

Smart Browns



No. 25–65. Brown Willow Calf with Croc. design insertion.

14/11

Of course, you must have a pair of Brown shoes for holiday wear. They look smart, and are always comfortable. But you must see the "Benefit" browns, for here is value which usually costs you shillings more—real quality shoes at a money saving price. Call at one of the 200 Benefit shops and see the new style browns in the 25–50 range; or send p.c. to the Benefit factory, and a Catalogue of this wonderful selection of 14/11 welted footwear for men will be sent you.

Buy Quality at a 'Benefit' price

If no Benefit branch near you, these shoes will be sent Post Free in U.K. (I.F.S., Colonies and Foreign, Post Extra).

Public Benefit BOOT CO. LTD. Factory: 157 ST. PAULS STREET, LEEDS

YOUR NERVE TROUBLES.

The acute distress caused by nerve troubles arises from the fact that the nervous system governs the whole body, controlling heart, lungs, digestion and brain. Although nerve trouble may take various forms—headache, insomnia, neuralgia and depression - the cause is always the same— nerve starvation.

To overcome nervous exhaustion you must supply nourishment to the nerves, and the finest nerve food you can take is Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills supply to the starved nerves the very elements they need, and in addition they revitalise the whole system.

Mrs. Cullener, of Park Road, Ynystawe, Swansea, states:—"My life was a misery owing to nervous exhaustion; my nerves were really dreadful. I had terrible headaches, was always depressed, and could not sleep through neuralgia. I tried every kind of medicine without avail until I was advised to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. I did so, and the result was astonishing. The headaches and neuralgia soon disappeared, I felt brighter and more energetic, and before long my health was completely restored."

FREE. Every nerve sufferer should write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy of the instructive treatise "The Nerves' Needs."

UNDER HALF PRICE OFFER
SUPERIOR QUALITY
PATENT SHOES

SENT CASH ON DELIVERY FOR Postage 1/-
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TO CLEAR 2 pairs for 7/6 Postage 1/6 ALL SIZES.
ALL SIZES 3 to 7
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Designed with close-fitting back to prevent shoe slipping.
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MINIMUM COST.
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Order by Postcard to-day
Styles 245 & 247. Splendid ONE-BAR SHOES.
Fine promenade shoes suitable for those occasions where a smart shoe is a necessity.
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Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money returned without question.
Order TO-DAY and please state size and style required.
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HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO
Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.
A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to
JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street, 53 N.P., London, W.1.

ZAM-BUK
The World's Greatest Healer

A Seaside Holiday

at JOHN BULL'S Expense!

A Ray of Sunshine in dark places!

THE path of "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift is strewn with glowing tributes from readers who, after sickness, have been able to "take a little change" at "John Bull's" expense.

"I am very grateful to you for your cheque and kindness," wrote Mrs. Annie Sherburn, of 213, Doncaster Road, Wath-on-Dearne, Nr. Rotherham. "With your kind help I can now have a little change. Having been laid up for ten weeks, you have proved a friend indeed."

A typical letter! Every week in many "John Bull" homes our sunshine cheques are dispelling the gloom of the sick room, making readers rejoice that they took the wise precaution to register for our Great Gift.

Could *you* call on "John Bull" this summer for a cheque to take you to the seaside after an illness? Have *you* signed the forms? Why not do so now?

Sickness Benefits—£5 5s. each

We give below the names of a few of our readers who each receive a cheque for £5 5s. this week on account of Sickness.

ABERDARE, GLAM.—Mrs. M. Davies, 124, Glanaman Road, Cwmaman.
ALFORD, LINCS.—Mrs. A. Elsham, "Twine Road Farm," Strubby.
NR. ABERDARE, GLAM.—Mr. H. Collins, 42, Commerce Place, Aberaman.
BEAUFORT, MON.—Mr. D. J. Ashman, 1, Cross Row, Rassau.
BOLSOVER.—Mr. G. Frost, 41, Huntingdon Avenue.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. F. E. Scott, 28, Montague Street, Little Horton.
BRAMLEY, YORKS.—Mr. H. Butcher, 53, Flanderwell Avenue.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Newman, 73, Newlands Road, Starchley.
COPYTHORNE, NR. SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. B. S. H. Frankson, Corselands.
CANNOCK, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. Atkins, 1, St. John's Road.
NR. CIRENCESTER, GLOS.—Mrs. W. Robbins, 40, Baunton.
NR. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Millthorpe, 203, Railway Terrace, Barrow Hill.
DINNINGTON, NR. SHEFFIELD.—Mr. J. Warner, 3, Bradford Terrace, New Street.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mr. W. J. Reece, 80, Colsden Terrace.
GLASGOW.—Mr. H. Houman, 27, Mansel Street, Springburn.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. McDonald, 84, North Street, Whiteinch.
HORNCASTLE, LINCS.—Mrs. L. A. Whiting, 22, Lincoln Road.
HAVERTON HILL, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. A. Smith, 21, Rosedale Grove.
KILSYTH BY GLASGOW.—Mr. A. Hogarth, 14, Charles Street.
LEEDS.—Mr. E. Etherington, 56, Houghley Grove, Armley.
LEEDS.—Mr. E. H. Chapman, 134, Lady Pit Lane, Dewsbury Road.
LEYTON, E.10.—Mrs. M. Mears, 29, Millicent Road.
LUDDENDENFOOT, NR. HALIFAX.—Mr. A. J. W. Hall, Tinsel Cottage, Midgley.
NR. LODDON, NORFOLK.—Mr. H. C. Foster, Hales.
N.W.2.—Mrs. A. Shepherd, 139, Villiers Road.
PENTREBACH, MERTHYR.—Mr. T. Bradley 17, Brown Street.
PETERBORO'.—Mrs. C. Talbot, Church Street, Warmington, Oundle.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. E. Wakeford, 95, Kilmiston Street, Fratton.
RAINWORTH, NOTTS.—Mr. J. A. Spinks, Ivy Cottage.
S.E.15.—Mr. C. Leeson, 61, Linden Grove, Nunhead.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. E. M. Tupper, 80, Cedar Road.
TONBRIDGE, KENT.—Mr. A. Whittaker, 4, Roseberry Terrace Vale Road.
TORQUAY.—Mrs. E. F. C. O'Connor, 9, Braddon Street.
WEST CROYDON.—Mr. C. Chalcroft, 78, Cecil Road.
WHITTLESEA.—Mrs. A. E. White, 2, Council Houses, Stonald Road.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

In addition to Sickness, "John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Accident and Children's Benefits.

OVER 42,000 BENEFITS PAID.

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Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 6/7/29

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader
.....
Reader's Signature.
Age .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and address of Newsagent .....
.....
..... Date .....
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 6/7/29

A DOSE AT NIGHT KEEPS YOU RIGHT

Whole Family Take Bile Beans

A nightly dose of Bile Beans gives the stomach, liver and bowels just that gentle help they need in order to produce better health. It is during sleep that the organs, being themselves at rest, respond most readily to this sound vegetable pill.

Pain, or fullness after food, languor following excess of any kind, that sluggish livery feeling, and any constipated habit—these disorders Bile Beans promptly and fully correct. No griping, no excessive purging—just a smooth natural action that produces a feeling of sheer good health.

Mrs. A. Headford, 46, Andrew St., Sheffield, says—"I took Bile Beans for chronic liver trouble, my husband for constipation. When the children feel out-of-sorts Bile Beans in their own gentle way soon put them right. An occasional dose of Bile Beans keeps us all well." 1/3 box contains 40, the 3/- size 120 Bile Beans. Of all chemists and stores.

6/- WITH ORDER
This is by far the biggest step in price-reduction since the War. Better value than ever

THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH" CYCLE SINGLE-SPEED MODEL, is a genuine 'thoroughbred' at a price never previously attempted. From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit.

10 Years' Warranty.

GRAVES SUPREME VALUE.
DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.
RENOLD CHAIN, HALF-INCH PITCH.
Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan. Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid. 24:10:0
Complete Approval.
TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 6/- now & complete purchase in 14 monthly payments of 6/-
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, POST FREE.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

RHEUMATISM

Definite Relief after Six Years' Suffering.

Sirs,—For SIX years I have suffered with RHEUMATISM in my knees, which was a sore trouble in my occupation, as a Railway Engine Driver, and exposed to all kinds of weather. I decided to give Urace Tablets a trial. I am now free from pain, can walk with ease, and my work is a pleasure to me. I shall recommend Urace to all I come in touch with.—
J. F. SMITH, Hasland, Chesterfield.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID

The cause of Rheumatism and kindred complaints lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID — which causes Rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD. URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities, and makes relief certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure alls, spas, appliances, belts, and treatments have failed.

URACE TABLETS

for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Cramp, Influenza, Backache, Nerve Pains, Kidney Troubles, Sciatica, etc., etc.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

From Boots, Timothy White and Co., Taylor's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 77, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

200 HOLIDAY PRIZES for BULLETS
£300
20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5.0.0
100 HOLIDAY FARES OF 12/6
80 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2.10.0
ONE WEEK ONLY
PRIZES POSTED JULY 3/8

GOING AWAY? LET "BULLETS" PAY!

MAKE a splash with one of this week's 200 Holiday Prizes—you've just one week to win the money you need for August.

If you want the postman to hand you one of these seasonable prizes on August 1st, all you have to do is this. Simply add TWO, THREE OR FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page. If your *Bullet* is the best, £300 will be yours.

The winning *Bullets* below will show you the way to win the jolliest holiday of your life—you could have hit on any of them yourself!

£670 CASH FOR HOLIDAY WINNERS!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, "BULLETS" No. 719.

Mr. R. A. CLARKE, 72, Shakespeare Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Example:—OUT OF HER DEPTH
Bullet:—SHE'S "FISHING" BESIDES BATHING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. D. BOGGIE, 1, Parkfield Bank, Inverness.
Example:—QUITE LIKELY
Bullet:—Next "KNOCK" Is OPPORTUNITY'S.

THIRD PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. G. BRANFORD, 62, Wanderers Av., Wolverhampton.
Example:—RIDING FOR A FALL
Bullet:—WAY PROFITEER'S "STICKING ON."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER BIG PRIZE WINNERS:

£25: A. JOHNSON, "Cameronia," Harlestone Road, New Duston, Northampton.
IN HARNESS—OTHERWISE YOUTH "DRIVEN ABROAD."

£24: S. SIMPSON, 22, Collingbourne Ducis, Wilts.
HEARD ON THE SANDS—"HAVING SPLASH?" FATHER AWOKE!

£23: F. DENHAM, 6, Clifford Terrace, Wellington Som.
MAKING HIS FORTUNE—"SCOOP" QUICKER THAN SPADE.

£22: G. BISHOP, 39, Colin Road, Birkenhead.
WORRIES—ALWAYS "DOUBLED" WHEN "UNFOLDED."

£21: A. C. STAPLETON, 8, Rock Terrace, Bulwell.
IN HARNESS—THOMAS—DICK, HARRY, HOPE FUL.

£20: S. H. SMITH, 100, Shrivenham Road, Swindon.
ESSENCE OF FOLLY—BUILDING *Dungeons* IN AIR.

£19: J. JOHNSTON, 17, Clark Street, Kilmarnock.
WHEN EMIGRANT RETURNS—"WHAT! YOU OUT AGAIN?"

£18: W. FARMER, Petersmead, Broad Lane, Bradmore, Wolverhampton.
"YOU WORM!"—ALL EXCURSION TICKET LACKS.

£17: Miss M. JACKSON, 23, Outram Street, Middlesbrough.
PREMIER'S PROBLEM—KEEPING RED *Ensign* FLYING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: R. DIXON, 58, Oswald Terrace, Grangetown, Sunderland.
HEARD ON THE SANDS—"MOTHER? SHE'S HELPING LANDLADY."

£15: Miss A. LINDSAY, 69, Roods St., Kirriemuir.
ESSENCE OF FOLLY—"*Go From* BRITAIN" MOVEMENT.

£14: G. F. ABBOTT, 32, Warwick Road, Ipswich.
IN HARNESS—MAN—WOMAN DRESSES SENSIBLY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£13: S. PLANTER, Ridgway, Frome.
NOW HE'S IN PARLIAMENT—MORE SCOPE—LESS AMBITION.

£12: Mrs. H. FERGUSON, 1, Houston Square, Johnstone, N.B.
NOW HE'S IN PARLIAMENT—EVERYTHING RECEDES BUT RECESS.

£11: F. H. HICKSON, High Street, Boughton, Kent.
SUN-BATHING—SHE ABSENTLY SHOUTED "HELP!"

£10: J. BITHELL, 3, Stirling Street, Swinley, Wigan.
I'M AFRAID—OF POVERTY—REASON, POOR.

£10: W. WILKINS, 25, Electric Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
A LANDSLIDE—"LAND SETTLEMENT" SHOULD FOLLOW.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10/- winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

☞ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally-binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Advance Details for "Bullets" Competition No. 722.

First Prize £350—Second Prize £50—Third Prize £25. 25 "Holiday Prizes" of £10 each—50 Prizes of 10s.—500 Prizes of 2s. 6d.—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

"Come To Britain!"—A Clarion Call—Spoiling The Countryside—What We're In For—Doing Wonders—Queer—The Next Meal—Cream Of Society—Jobbing Gardener—Almost—String Of Lies—Not Asked—Father's Way—Improving The Picture—Another Little Drink—Happy As A King—His Last Shilling—Thrown Away—Strangers—What She Wishes—From The Cradle—Looks Bad—Earns Respect—Possibly—Up To The Moment—No Holiday—Taking His Hat Off—Clear Enough—Only A Woman—On The Sea Front—Takes Years—What We're Suffering From.

(Closing Saturday, July 20.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 722.

RAMSAY'S TEAM
BLAZE OF GLORY
BEST IN THE END
VALE OF TEARS
BETWEEN THE SHAFTS
A ROW
HE STOLE HER HEART AND SPEED
LEARNING THE ROPES
"NO MONKEYING!"
RISING TIDE
IF I DIED TO-MORROW
WOMAN IN THE HOUSE
ALL VERY WELL
IT'S EASY TO TALK, BUT SURELY
TIME TO KEEP QUIET
MINISTERING ANGEL
WHATEVER SHE WEARS
THANKS TO THE TALKIES
NO P TEST
MAN WHO LEADS
LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH
SPLASH!
A BOY AND A GIRL
THE DANGER LINE
WHEN THEY COME BACK
BEAUTY QUEEN
GALLANT RESCUER
HOME
SHE COULDN'T SWIM
WHO WANTS A HOLIDAY?

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, July 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(722) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, July 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(722) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, July 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(722) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, July 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(722) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 722, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 722 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 718 will be shown in the window of Mr. E. W. Stephenson, The Thoroughfare, Woodbridge.

NEXT WEEK—BIGGER 'BULLETS' FIRST and BIGGER HOLIDAY PRIZES

Yeast-Vite-Express

Make This QUICK JOURNEY to HEALTH TO-DAY

LASSITUDE & DEPRESSION

WHY continue in the misery of Ill-Health, the darkness of *DEPRESSION* and *LASSITUDE*, the Intolerable Agony of *OVER-WROUGHT NERVES*? "Yeast-Vite" will take *YOU* by Express to *Sparkling Vitality* and *Thrilling Health* — and QUICKLY too! If YOU are not getting the best out of YOUR LIFE, commence this short journey to Health and Well-being NOW.

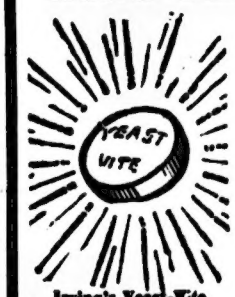
YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Leave the *Pain*, the *Weariness*, and the *Ill-Health* behind! In a few minutes the dark background will vanish and you will emerge into the *Sunshine* of *Radiant Vigour*, your *Spirits Bright*, your whole body *Refreshed* and *Invigorated!* And this Wonderful Offer is made to *YOU* under the definite Guarantee of *No Cure—No Pay!* Study the Quick-Health Time-Table below and see how soon *YOU* can be Restored to Buoyant Health and Vigour.

FORTY THOUSAND people in all walks of life have sent Grateful Unsolicited Letters of Gratitude to the "Yeast-Vite" Laboratories. *You, too*, will be amazed at the effectiveness of "Yeast-Vite" in your own case! Test it TO-DAY under our Amazing Guarantee.

Health AND Vigour

Read Our Amazing Health Time-Table!



Irving's Yeast-Vite
The Lightning
Pick-Me-Up.

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS
ANÆMIA	*Richer Blood*	In 36/48 HOURS

NO CURE NO PAY!

£1,000 Guarantee!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE from any Chemist, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of its WONDERFUL POWER and TONIC PROPERTIES, simply return the empty carton with Government stamp attached and your money will be instantly refunded in full, under a £1,000 guarantee.

OUR SECRET!

"Yeast-Vite" is a triumph of Vitamin Science. It is an accurate Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae), Vitamins, (especially the great Health-giving Anti-Neuritic Vitamin B) and other Tonic Ingredients. It is a Lightning Tonic, Pain Reliever and Pick-me-Up for EVERYBODY. However "Nervy," Irritable or Suffering you may be, "Yeast-Vite" will do you good—IMMEDIATE GOOD! Test it TO-DAY.

Yeast is Life

Take advantage of the great "Yeast-Vite" Express Route to Health without delay. You have everything to gain —nothing to lose.

'YEAST-VITE' TONIC TABLETS. From all Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Bottle

T.C.B.

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